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ALLIE STONE.

Adapted to a Popular Irish Melody.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

When, dear Allie Stone, I wander alone,
My thoughts ever dwell upon you;
Then comes the desire, my wit to inspire,
To win what so many pursue.
Believe me, fair maid, my tribute is paid
With all the fond faith that I own—
Confess to the bard, your heart's not so hard
As your name might imply, Allie Stone,
Allie Stone,
As your name might imply, Allie Stone.

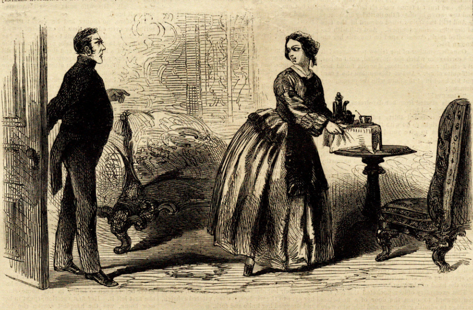
II.

You'll lose it in time I'm sure—as I rhyme
My heart is as heavy as lead,
For fear you'll refuse the hope of the muse
And never find mine in its stead.
Your suitors you change, wherever you range,
No answering passion you own:
Your heart is still free—bestow it on me—
You long have had mine, Allie Stone,
Allie Stone,
You long have had mine, Allie Stone.

III.

But one can succeed—though many may plead
To soften your obdurate tone—
That ONE let me be, and others will see
I've melted the heart of A. Stone.
As my loving wife, I'll give you for life
The goods and the chattels I own:
Then list to the lay, and just name the day
When you will be Mistress Mahone,
Allie Stone,
When you will be Mistress Mahone.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE DOCTOR MYSTIFIED.

EUDORA:

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"If a woman will, she will, you may depend on't:
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

We must return to the scene of the tragedy, and relate what took place at Allworth Abbey immediately after the escape of Eudora.

In the first place, as soon as Eudora had taken leave, and before she had passed through the secret egress, Tabitha shut her eyes, and turned her back so that she might not actually *see* by what means, or in whose company, her mistress quitted the chamber.

But as soon as she heard the panel slipped into its place, and the bolt on the other side shot across it, she turned, and with a smile of triumph, sank into the easy-chair, saying:

"Now they may cross-examine me until all is blue, if they like, and I can swear a hole through an iron pot that I never saw how she left the room."

And so saying, Miss Tabs yielded herself up to the repose of which she stood so much in need.

It was late in the morning when she was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door.

She started up, recollected in an instant where she was, who rapped, and what was required.

She jumped up, rubbed her eyes, shook herself, and went to the door.

"Well, what do you want?" she inquired, as she opened it a little way.

"We want the prisoner. Here's some breakfast for her. Let her eat it quickly, for the chaise is at the door to convey her to the county gaol," said the policeman on duty, handing in a waiter of coffee and bread.

"The prisoner? What prisoner are you a-talking about? There is no prisoner here!" said Tabitha, disdainfully, as she received the waiter, and set it upon the side-table.

"Miss Eudora Leaton, your missus, our prisoner. Tell her to get herself ready quickly, as we must take her off towards the prison directly," said the policeman.

"My missus! Why, haven't you taken her off already?" exclaimed Tabitha, in well-assumed surprise.

"Taken her off already? No! What do you mean?" inquired the policeman, in astonishment.

"I mean as how she isn't here! as you know very well she isn't, 'cause you've taken her away! What have you done with her—eh?" cried Tabitha.

"Come, woman, none of your nonsense; it won't do with us, I can tell you; so just get your missus ready to go with us."

"And I tell you she aint *here!* and you know it a great deal better than I do! 'cause you *must* have taken her away! You kept the door!"

"Not here!" exclaimed the policeman, passing without ceremony into the room, and proceeding to search it.

"Now it is of no use to try to gammon people in this way, by pretending to search the room where you know very well that she cannot be found," said Tabitha, scornfully.

"Where is she?" thundered the policeman.

"That's what *you'll* have to tell! *You* kept the door! I suppose you came in while I was asleep and stole her away! Mayhap you've murdered her and thrown her into the lake for aught that I know! Oh! you shall pay for it!" cried Tabitha, working herself up into a well-acted passion.

The policeman, without paying further heed to her words, immediately gave the alarm; and the chamber was soon filled with an eager and curious crowd.

"Now, then! what is all this about?" inquired the doctor, who was present.

"Why, sir, this girl declares that the prisoner has escaped!" said the policeman.

"I don't declare no such thing! I declares that when I woke up this morning she was gone; and it stands to reason, as that perlice guarded the door, he must have stolen her away while I was asleep," cried Tabitha, in an angry voice.

"Escaped? how? when? where? Look to all the outer doors and windows. Search the house! Search the grounds! Give the alarm in the neighborhood! Fifty pounds to any of you who will bring her back! Disperse! quick! she destroyed all your master's family!" exclaimed the doctor, vehemently, addressing the assembled servants, who hurried away to obey him.

"How came you to be so, so negligent, officer, as to let your prisoner pass you?" inquired Squire Humphreys, one of the magistrates, who had remained in the house all night, because he was a friend and neighbor of the late Lord Leaton.

"As Heaven hears me, your worship, she never got out through this door! I never left my post for a single minute during the night, but stood leaning up against the door itself; so that even if I had dropped asleep, and the door could have been opened, I should have fallen down and been roused by the fall. But I never closed my eyes during the whole night, your worship," said the policeman.

"This is most wonderful," continued the magistrate, who, with the doctor, made a careful examination of the room, including the fastenings of the window-shutters, which were all found secure.

"Has any one questioned my comrade, your worship?" inquired the policeman, respectfully.

"Sure enough no one has done so," said the doctor, going and knocking at the door of the little dressing-room.

The officer on guard there unlocked the door, and stood face to face with the doctor.

"Your prisoner has escaped! How came you to be so careless as to let her pass?" demanded the doctor.

"Pass! On my honor, sir, no one has passed me the whole night. I have stood with my back leaning against the door and the key in my pocket all the time," said the officer, in astonishment.

"This is most inexplicable! Did neither of you hear any noise in the night?" inquired the magistrate.

"None whatever, your worship," said the first officer.

"Everything was as silent as death, sir," added the second.

"This is most incredible! The girl seems to have been a sorceress as well as a poisoner, and to have vanished up the chimney in a flame of fire!" exclaimed the doctor, in an angry dismay.

"I beg your worship's pardon," said the principal policeman, coming up and touching his forehead to the magistrate.

"Well, Sims, what is it?"

"I think, sir, as the prisoner could not have escaped through either of the doors guarded by me or my comrade, that she must have got out in some other manner, and that this young woman, who stayed with her all night, must know all about it; and with submission to your worship, I think she ought to be made to tell."

"Oh! *ought* I? I'd like to see who'll make *me* tell anything I don't want to tell!" exclaimed Miss Tabs, thrown as completely off her guard as any passionate person may be if one can only succeed in making them angry.

"I agree with you," said the doctor, to the policeman. Then turning to Tabitha, he said: "Young woman, you have betrayed yourself. You evidently know something of this mysterious escape of the prisoner. And we must insist upon your divulging all that you do know."

"Werry well, insist away; I aint no manner of objection to your insisting as much as ever you please," replied Tabitha, folding her arms, setting her teeth, and grinning defiance at the doctor.

"How did the prisoner escape from the room?" demanded the latter.

"I don't know," replied Tabitha.

"You *do* know, and I will make you tell," vociferated the doctor.

"Werry well then, make me," sneered Miss Tabs.

"How did the prisoner escape, I ask you?"

"And I tell you I don't know."

"Young woman, I am that sure you *do* know, and you shall be forced to tell."

"Listen to me then; I will tell you what I *do* know, and I won't tell you anything more."

"That is all we wish to hear. Go on."

"Well, then, I fell asleep in that chair, and when I woke up my missus was gone. That's what I *know*. And it stands to reason as that perlice, as kept the passage door, must have come in while I was asleep and stole her off."

"Young woman, are you telling the truth?"

"Yes, sir; 'pon my word and honor."

"The *whole* truth?"

"Lawk, sir, I don't *know* the whole truth no more nor Pontius Pilate."

"Girl! you know more than you choose to tell; but I will find a way to make you open your mouth," said the doctor, sternly.

"And I won't open my mouth no wider for nobody on earth, nor for nothing that can be done to me! I'll be burked, and made a subject of, and 'natomized in a dissecting-room afore I'll open my mouth any wider for anybody on earth! So there now!"

"Young woman, it is my duty to inform you that if you know anything of the escape of the prisoner, you can be made to divulge it," said the magistrate.

"I don't know nothing at all about it, and I won't divulge anything about it," said Miss Tabs, rather inconsistently. "I won't! to save anybody's life! And I'd like to see who'll make me speak when I don't want to speak! I'd like to see the Church and the State try to do it! or the army and navy try to do it! or the House of Commons and the House of Lords try! or the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor try! or all of them together try to make me speak when I don't want to speak!"

"Or hold your tongue when you don't want to hold it, you impudent creature!" exclaimed the doctor, in a rage.

"Well, I s'pose people can be imperent if they choose to take the consequences, can't they? And here am I, ready to take the consequences. I s'pose you'll do something dreadful to me! well, do it; here I am, ready to be made a wictim of, or a martyr of, or a 'natomy of! But I won't speak! I won't speak! I won't! to please anybody."

"You are speaking all the time, you wretch! You are deafening us with your speech, if you would only speak to the purpose," said the doctor.

"Your words, young woman, betray that you do know more of this matter than you are willing to divulge," said the magistrate, gravely.

"I have told you what I do know, sir; that when I closed my eyes my mistress was still in the room, and when I woke up she was gone."

"But have you no knowledge or suspicion of how she went?"

"I have no certain knowledge, sir, as I did not see her when she left. But as there seems no other way of her getting out of the room, it stands to reason that that policeman as kept the passage-door must have let her out."

The magistrate and the doctor looked at each other in perplexity. They had full faith in the policeman; they had no faith whatever in Tabitha, and yet the evidence was certainly against the policeman, and in favor of Tabitha. She saw this, and followed up her advantage by saying, valiantly:

"There, gentlemen, I have told you the truth. I can't tell you any more than that. Now you may do your worst to me, for here I stand ready to be a martyr to the truth."

The doctor and the magistrate still continued to look into each other's faces for counsel.

"Why don't you make the policeman confess? Don't you see that there was no other way for Miss Leaton to escape but through the door that he guarded, for the dressing-room guarded by the other policeman has no outlet, and the window-shutters were all barred and padlocked by the doctor, who took away the keys with him. And even if he had not done so, the windows are full sixty feet from the ground, and even if she had attempted to jump from either of them, she must have broken her neck. But she could not even have attempted it, since the windows were found as they were left, securely fastened. And therefore, your worship, is it not perfectly clear as my mistress must have left the room through the door guarded by that perlice?" concluded Tabitha, pointing vindictively at the innocent but discomfited officer.

"Sims, this looks very badly for you," said the magistrate.

"I know it do, your worship, but I hope my character is above suspicion."

"I believe it to be, Sims, and I do not myself suspect you."

In fact, both the magistrate and the doctor strongly suspected Tabitha, but as the evidence was certainly not against her, they could do nothing in the premises.

They left the chamber, and went down into the crimson drawing-room, which had been the scene of so many of the investigations, to consult with the others upon the best means of searching for and recapturing the fugitive.

They remained long in consultation before it occurred to them to summon one who might be supposed to take the deepest interest in the matter. Then Mr. Humphreys said:

"Had not Mr. Montrose better be requested to give us his company and counsel in this affair?"

"Certainly," replied Doctor Watkins, ringing the bell.

"Give my respects to Mr. Montrose, and say that we should be pleased to see him here," said the doctor to the footman who answered the bell.

The servant withdrew, but presently returned with the news.

"Mr. Montrose has not yet risen, sir."

"Lazy fellow, and it is nearly twelve o'clock," said the doctor, dismissing that matter from his mind, and resuming the business with the magistrates.

The form of a placard was drawn up, offering a reward for the apprehension of Eudora Leaton, and this was ordered to be immediately printed and posted all over the country. The police were sent out in every direction to prosecute the search; and when these measures for the apprehension of the fugitive had been taken, the doctor ordered in breakfast, and sat down with the magistrate and the solicitor to partake of it. And while they were thus engaged, Malcolm Montrose, who had returned home unobserved, quietly entered the dining-room, and bade them good morning.

"Oh, you are up at last!" said the doctor.

"I had a very bad night's rest; that must be my apology for a very late appearance," said Malcolm, drawing his chair to the table.

"And have you heard since you came down that the prisoner has escaped?"

"Yes, so my servant informed me; but she cannot have gone far."

"Why, no; and as the promptest measures have been taken for her apprehension, we hope soon to have her safely lodged in jail. But the great mystery is the manner of her escape. She must have vanished up the chimney. I suspect Tabs of knowing more about it than she is willing to tell; but then there is no evidence against her, and she insists that her mistress must have been spirited away by the policeman on guard while she, Tabs, slept. And, in fact if we were not assured of the fidelity of Sims, this would seem the most likely solution of the mystery."

"I should think it would seem the only one," said Malcolm, secretly thanking Heaven that Tabitha had proved "game," and that the manner of Eudora's escape was as yet unknown and unsuspected.

The remainder of the day was passed in fruitless search for the fugitive, of whom several traces were supposed to have been found. One policeman brought back the report that a young lady in deep mourning had taken the night train at Poolville for Edinburgh. Another that a young person answering to the description of Eudora Leaton had been seen to get into the cross-country stage-coach going to Sherbourne. A third brought the intelligence that a young woman in black had been seen to go on board a vessel bound for Abbeyport—a small seacoast village six miles from Allworth—to Arrach, on the north coast of Ireland.

Policemen, armed with warrants, were sent off in all these directions, while the route of the fugitive remained undiscovered.

Late that night Lieutenant Norham Montrose, the younger brother of Malcolm, arrived at the Abbey.

Norham Montrose was, in form and features, the very counterpart of Malcolm, having the same tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed, athletic form, the same noble Roman features, and the same commanding presence. But in complexion and in temperament they were as opposite as day and night; for whereas Malcolm was fair as a Saxon, with clear, blue eyes, and light auburn hair, Norham was dark as a Spaniard, with jet-black eyes and raven-black hair and whiskers. And where Malcolm was gracious, liberal and confiding, Norham was haughty, reserved and suspicious.

He had not visited the Abbey since the arrival of Eudora from India, and consequently he had never seen her. The letter from the family solicitor that summoned him to the house informed him of all that had taken place. And now he came with his dark blood boiling, and his heart burning in hatred and vengeance against her whom he considered the fell destroyer of the doomed Leaton family.

Malcolm received him with grave affection, and they talked over the late tragedy in very much the same strain in which Malcolm had already discussed the circumstances with others—Malcolm insisting upon the innocence of Eudora, and Norham, like former opponents, appealing to the overwhelming evidence against her.

The next day had been appointed for the double funeral.

At an early hour of the morning the guests began to assemble to pay due respect to the memory of the deceased.

Among the neighboring gentry who had been invited to assist at the solemnities, were the respective families of the Honorable Mrs. Elverton, of Edenlawn, and the veteran Admiral Sir Ira Brunton, of the Anchorage.

These, as the nearest neighbors and dearest friends of the deceased, arrived first upon the premises.

The admiral came alone in a mourning coach, and was received by Mr. Montrose and Lieutenant Montrose.

Mrs. Elverton came, accompanied by her daughter Alma, and was received by the Princess Pezzilini in the deepest mourning.

It was high noon when, in all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of death, the remains of Lady Leaton and her daughter Agatha were consigned to the family vault under the chapel, where three months before those of the head of the House had been laid. They were placed, the wife on the right and the daughter on the left of the late Lord Leaton. And it was with feelings deeper than awe that the mourners left the chapel where rested the bodies of the last of that once flourishing but now extinguished race.

After the funeral obsequies were over, it was arranged that the brothers Malcolm and Norham Montrose, as next of kin and heirs presumptive, should remain for the present in charge of Allworth Abbey.

But as it was known that the Princess Pezzilini, still a young and beautiful woman, could not continue as the guest of two gentlemen in a house where there was no other lady, she was immediately overwhelmed with invitations. All the country gentry contended for the honor of the company of an exiled princess. But the beautiful Italian decided to accept for the present the hospitality of the veteran hero, Admiral Sir Ira Brunton.

And the same evening, attended by Miss Tabs, whom she had taken into her service, the princess accompanied the gallant admiral to his elegant retreat, the Anchorage.

CHAPTER XI.

"Either they fear their fate too much,
Or their desert is small,
Who put it not unto the touch,
And lose or win it all."

The interests of our history require that we take up the fortunes of the captain's orphan daughter from the moment that she was left alone on the evening preceding her flight.

Poor Annella had not been brought up as other young girls, and therefore should not be judged by the same standard.

The only and motherless child of a dissipated officer in a marching regiment, nearly the whole of her neglected childhood had been passed in the camp, in the barracks, and in perpetual change of place.

And in this roving and unguarded life she had contracted a reckless spirit of independence, a proud impatience of restraint, and a wild love of freedom, which might lead her into the gravest errors, precipitate her into the deepest misfortunes, and require the severest discipline of Providence to correct.

Hitherto her short life, though erratic, had been blameless.

Now deprived by death of her father, her only natural guardian, and the only authority she would recognize, her high spirit revolted at the thought of control by any other power. And above all, the idea of a degrading parochial interference in her personal matters was most abhorrent to her proud heart.

Thus, the strongest motives that could actuate a creature of her peculiar character prompted her to immediate flight—on the one hand, a loathing dread of the degradation of being sent to the union, or bound to a mistress, or left a burden upon the poor widow; and on the other hand, a longing desire for liberty, fresh air, and country scenery; and under all this a latent love of adventure, a romantic disposition, and a long-cherished secret resolution to make her own way in the world, combined an irresistible power to urge Annella to this strange proceeding.

From the hour of overhearing the conversation between the parish officers and the landlady, she had firmly determined upon making her escape into the country.

To hint such a purpose to Mrs. Corder she knew would be to raise instant and fatal opposition to her plans; and once resolved to escape, she was desirous that her departure should be without hindrance or pursuit. Therefore her withdrawal must be private as well as prompt.

But to leave the house without taking leave of her kind friends would seem ungrateful, and to leave them in anxiety concerning her fate would be cruel.

Therefore, after some consideration, she resolved upon the expedient of writing a farewell letter. When she had finished, folded, and directed this letter, she pinned it in front of the frame of her dressing-glass, in a conspicuous place, where she knew it must be found.

Next she made a large compact bundle of all the most valuable portions of her personal effects; then she put up a small parcel containing only a single change of clothing. And then she looked into her purse, that contained just half-a-crown, which had been slipped into her hand by Eudora, and accepted as a loan, to be repaid at some future day.

Lastly, she lay down upon the bed to rest while waiting for the dawn of day to commence her journey. She did not expect or even wish to sleep; yet scarcely had her head sunk upon her pillow, when her fatigue overcame her excitement and cast her into a deep sleep that lasted until morning.

Day was dawning when she awoke with a start and a sudden recollection of her purpose.

She sprang up from the bed, and commenced cautious but hasty preparations for her flight.

When quite ready, she took her bundles in her arms and silently descended the stairs until she reached the narrow entrance-hall. She softly glided along this hall until she reached the front door. She unlocked this door, passed through it, closed it behind her, and went forth alone into the world.

The street was at this hour more deserted, still, and silent than at any other time of the day or night. The latest wayfarers had long since retired, and the earliest were not yet astir. The rows of houses on each side the street presented long, dark lines of unbroken gloom and quietness.

For a moment Annella stood before the door she was about to leave, and looked up and down the street in perplexity where first to direct her steps.

Then she turned up the street, and walked on briskly in the direction of the city.

It was growing quite light, so that by the time she reached London Bridge the sun was rising and throwing a flood of golden glory over the waters of the river.

She crossed the bridge and hurried onward up King William street until she reached the shop of a Jew dealer in second-hand clothing.

She entered this shop, untied her large bundle, displayed its contents upon the counter, and inquired of the Jewess in attendance:

"What will you give me for these?"

"How mush do you wantsh?" asked the woman.

"I think they are worth three pounds, but you may have them for two," replied Annella, hesitatingly.

"Two poundsh!! You are jokinsh," said the Jewess, turning the half-worn dresses over in disdain.

"What will you give me for them, then?" inquired Annella, impatiently.

"Five shillingsh for the lotsh."

"That will not do," said Annella, beginning to tie up her bundle.

"Stopsh, stopsh, letsh talk a little more," said the woman, detaining her customer.

Annella paused, and a little more bargaining ensued, in which, as a matter of course, Annella was cheated. Impatient to be off, she closed the sale, disposing of her wardrobe for the sum of ten shillings, and left the house.

Keeping nearly due north, she walked on until in due course of time she reached the King's cross Railway station.

It was now nine o'clock.

She entered the ticket-office, and inquired when the next train would start. She was told at ten minutes past the hour. This gave her just time enough to get a cup of coffee and a bun at the pastrycook's stall opposite the office.

When she had partaken of this refreshment that her long walk had made so necessary, she went up to the third-class ticket-window, laid her half sovereign upon the ledge, and inquired of the clerk:

"How far on this line will this money take me?"

Instead of answering her question the clerk regarded her with such a look of suspicion, that she hastened to say:

"I have just lost my father, and have no relations here in London. I wish to go to the north, where I have a friend. I have only twelve shillings and six pence, and I wish to save half-a-crown to buy food, and to go as far as half-a-sovereign will carry me on my way; after that I must walk."

There were other passengers thronging to the window to be accommodated, and so the clerk hastily drew in the half-sovereign and pushed out a ticket, which she seized as she left the window, and joined the crowd that was hurrying towards the third-class carriages. She had just taken her seat when the train started.

It was the first train, and thus it happened that at the very moment in which good Mrs. Corder discovered the absence of her favorite, Annella was full forty miles from London, flying northward at the rate of forty miles an hour.

As the train rushed onward the wild girl's spirits rose.

It was a beautiful day in spring; the earth wore its tenderest and freshest green; the sky its softest and clearest blue; and the sun shone out like the smile of God over all nature.

Annella was alone in the world; she had just buried her father, and had not a reliable friend left upon earth; she had but one change of clothing in her parcel, and one half-crown in her purse; she knew not exactly where she was going; where she should eat her next meal or take her next night's rest.

And yet, in a state of poverty, friendlessness, and uncertainty that must have crushed the spirit of any grown-up man or woman subjected to the trial, this child could not feel sorrowful, anxious, or foreboding.

The sun was bright, the country fresh, and the motion rapid; and between the beauty of the day, the swiftness of the journey, and the shifting of the scenery, her spirits were so exhilarated that she could have sung for joy. It was rapture to watch the woods and fields, farms and hamlets, hills and valleys reel past her as the train flew onward. It was delight to stop at the strange towns, with strange streets and houses, and strange people coming and going. And it was ecstacy to rush onward again with lightning speed. And intoxication to feel that she was free!

She might be the most miserable little creature alive, but she did not know it. She might come to beggary the next day, but she did not think it. She might be rushing straight to ruin, but she did not feel it. Thus, despite of frowning Fate, the spirit in her bosom clapped its wings and crowed for joy.

And by this the reader may jump to the conclusion that Annella's brain was slightly "touched;" that she was a little "luny;" that she had not her "right change." Nothing of the sort, dear reader. Annella was simply undisciplined, inexperienced, and eccentric. Her ignorance was "bliss." And so, though poor and friendless, she set forth to seek her fortune with as brave a spirit as ever inspired Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Lady Hester Stanhope, or any other knight or dame of ancient or of modern times when sallying forth in quest of adventures.

The day wore on. The afternoon was so much more sultry than the season warranted, that the weather-wise farmers in the carriage with Annella predicted the approach of one of the heaviest storms that ever shook heaven and earth. And, as if in justification of this prediction, towards evening the clouds began to gather thick, black, and lowering over the earth. The face of the country also changed. The lovely woods, fertile fields, and fruitful farms were all left far behind, and the barren heaths of the north lay all around.

And still the train rushed onward in the face of the approaching tempest. And still with undaunted spirit, Annella sped on towards her unknown fate.

One after another of her fellow-passengers left the carriage in which she travelled, until at last, at a small roadside station, Annella found herself quite alone. And at this station the guard put his head in at the door with the peremptory demand:

"TICKETS!"

Annella started from her day-dream, and nervously produced hers.

"You've travelled thirty miles farther than you've any right to do with this ticket, and I've a great mind to give you in charge," said the guard, angrily.

"Have I? Indeed I did not mean to do it. I quite forgot to look at my ticket," said Annella, beginning to tremble in a manner most unworthy of damsel-errant seeking her fortune.

"You knew where you were going to, I suppose?" growled the guard.

"Indeed I didn't; I only wanted to go as far by rail as this ticket would take me."

"And that was to Howth, and you've left Howth twenty miles behind you."

"My gracious!" was the dismayed exclamation of poor Nella.

"Come! that won't do, you know; you've got to get out, and I shall give you in charge of a policeman. I see one coming now."

"Don't! pray don't! See, I've two shillings left, that ought to be enough to pay for a twenty-miles' ride in a third-class carriage," said Annella, springing out, and thrusting her last money into the hand of the guard.

That exemplary officer pocketed the fee, and ran forward to open the door of a first-class carriage to admit a gentleman and lady who were waiting for seats.

The train moved on, leaving Annella standing alone by the roadside with her little bundle in her hand, but without a penny in her purse. Around her, in all directions, lay the barren and rolling heaths. Above her lowered the dark and threatening clouds. Night, storm, and darkness were approaching, and she was houseless, friendless, and penniless on the heath. She looked around her on all sides for shelter from the gathering tempest, but she could not see a sign of human habitation. Even the little wayside station, so busy a moment before, seemed now shut up and deserted.

In fact, the business of seeking her fortune did not seem half so pleasant as it had appeared in the morning, and she fairly wished herself home in good Mrs. Corder's third-floor back; but only for a moment, and then her spirits rallied, and she walked on, saying to herself:

"Come, Nella, we mustn't be dismayed by the first difficulty, let us go on; we are in a Christian country, any how, and by-and-by we must come to some cottage, where the people will give us shelter from the storm to-night, and to-morrow will be a new day."

And so, with a smile in the face of frowning fortune, she struck into a road that crossed the railway-track and hurried onward.

She knew not where she was bound. She knew not where in all the north Allworth Abbey, the goal of her desires, might be situated. She knew not even whether she might be within five or ten miles of the place. In setting out to seek it she had taken the general northern route as far as the train would carry her for her money, trusting to the chapter of accidents to find the rest of her way to her destination.

"It must be within a circuit of twenty miles, I should think; and somebody about here must know something about it. So to-night I must seek shelter from the storm, and to-morrow inquire my way to the Abbey," she thought, as she trudged onward through the gathering darkness.

Low mutterings of thunder and large drops of rain warned her to hurry her steps. She ran on, looking eagerly to the right and left to spy out some wayside cottage in which she might find refuge from the impending storm. But the darkness was now so thick that she could scarcely see her own road.

Suddenly the clouds were cleft asunder by a stroke of forked lightning, that blazed from horizon to horizon, making the night for one instant as bright as noonday. This was immediately followed by a reverberating crash of thunder and a heavy fall of rain.

Annella stood still, but not appalled; for in that one instantaneous glare of light she had seen on a rising ground far to the westward the white chimneys of a mansion-house. And though the whole scene was again swallowed up in darkness, she kept the direction of the house in her "mind's eye," and bent her steps towards it, trusting in the frequent flashes of lightning to correct her mistakes and guide her on her way.

Her way lay up and down hill through this dreadful night of storm, of blinding lightning, of deafening thunder, and of drowning rain. Confused by the warring elements, saturated with wet, and exhausted by fatigue, Annella yet held on her way towards the mansion upon which she had fixed as her house of refuge.

As she approached the neighborhood of this dwelling she grew independent of the lightning as a guide, for in the darkness between the flashes she could see the windows of the mansion, which seemed to be illuminated from within as for a festival.

And from the moment that she found she could keep the house constantly in view, she toiled on towards it hopefully, saying to herself:

"It may be a gentleman's house or a lord's house, but it must be a civilized Christian's house, and therefore it must afford me shelter from the storm for this one night."

So, though nearly blinded, deafened, and drowned by the lightning, thunder, and rain, Annella valiantly pushed on towards the goal.

But ah! that place of refuge was much farther off than she had supposed it to be. A brilliant light set upon a hill is seen for a long way off in a dark night; and long after Annella had first caught sight of the illuminated windows, she continued to toil on through night and storm and darkness, through thunder, lightning, and rain, up and down hill, over the rough road, without seeming to get much nearer the desired haven.

Even the storm grew weary of raging and growled itself to rest. The lightning ceased to flash, the thunder to roll, and the rain to fall; the clouds dispersed, the stars came out, and the moon arose; and Annella, hungry, wet, and weary, still pushed on up hill and down hill towards the illuminated house, which, at last, she was certainly drawing near.

At length she began to ascend a hill on which the mansion stood, blazing like a beacon-light at sea. When she reached the summit of the hill she found herself arrested by the low brick wall that seemed to enclose the home-park attached to the house. Taking this wall for her guide, she followed it, hoping that it would bring her at last to the gate or the gamekeeper's lodge. Keeping close to the wall, and walking rapidly, she came indeed to the gate, which stood wide open and unguarded, as the lodge beside it was untenanted.

She passed through the gate and entered a long semi-circular avenue of elms, that in the course of fifteen minutes' rapid walk brought her up in front of a magnificent house, the whole square front of which was illuminated from top to bottom.

And yet there was not a living creature to be seen!

Annella paused in awe, and gazed upon the brilliant and imposing front, muttering to herself:

"There must be a party here to-night. And yet there cannot be, either, for I see no servants, no carriages, and no crowd. And though everything is as bright as heaven, it is also as silent as the grave! What in the world can be the meaning of it all?"

Without daring to go up and knock at the principal door, Annella turned and went around to seek admittance at some humbler back entrance, thinking, with a shudder:

"I shall be torn to pieces by the dogs, I suppose."

But no dogs barked, and Annella made her way unharmed to the back part of the house.

Here the windows were likewise all illuminated, and some of them were so near the ground that Annella was tempted to look in upon the inmates before knocking for admittance.

So she climbed upon an outside cellar-door, and holding by the window-sill above it, looked through the window in upon the room.

It was a cosy sitting-room, warmly lighted, well carpeted, and well curtained, though now the curtains were drawn back, letting the cheerful light stream out into the cheerless night. There was a table in the centre of the room covered with a most comfortable and substantial supper.

Within her view sat two persons—a tall, lean, gray-haired old man, and a short, fat, fair-haired old woman.

They looked so happy that Annella could not choose but hold on to the window-sill and gaze upon their happiness, until the woman, raising her eyes to the window, started, uttered a shriek, and dropped her knife and fork.

And at the same instant Annella sank down out of sight upon the cellar-door.

But soon she heard a commotion in the room over her head, followed by the opening of a door to the left, and the crashing of a footstep through the shrubbery. And the next instant she felt herself rudely seized, and set upon her feet, while a rough hand turned the light of a dark lantern full upon her face, and a harsh voice demanded:

"Ship ahoy! Who are you?"

"Annella Wjlder!" gasped the captured girl, as she recognized the tall, lean, gray-haired old man whom she had watched at his supper.

"From what port?" asked the questioner.

"I don't know, sir," answered Annella, in perplexity.

"Where bound?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Who's your skipper?"

"Indeed I cannot tell you, sir."

"Come along in then to the admiral! We'll see if we can't make you show your colors. We can't have any piratical-looking crafts cruising about in our seas without overhauling their letters of marque! so I'll just take you in tow and tug you into port, alongside of the admiral," said the oddity, keeping a firm hold of his prize, and forcing her on through the back entrance into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CELADINE'S LOVERS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I don't wish to marry him. I don't wish to marry at all."

"Ridiculous! What can a child like you know about her own wishes? He is a first-rate business man—steady, shrewd, growing rich."

"He is so much older than I."

"And all the more desirable for that. Just what you want—a man grave, quiet, dignified, to keep your mad spirits in order. Besides, you will be growing older yourself."

"But I don't like him. I'm sure I never can love him."

"Absurd! Shameful! That ever I should live to hear a daughter of mine speak of loving a man who is not her husband! Never let me hear such a word from your lips again—such indelicacy! It's your duty to like all persons of whom your parents approve. If you marry according to their advice, you will have a husband whom you can respect, and all the rest is romance."

The above is a specimen of the dialogue that daily passed between Celadine Hoffman and her parents, about twenty years ago. Celadine was sixteen, and her parents sixty or more. They saw the world with very different eyes; at least, though the eyes might have been very like in form and color, the impressions conveyed from the retina to the brain of nearly all external objects quite similar, those other impressions gained from mental insight, and affecting the feelings and affections, were as unlike as possible.

Celadine was young, and lived, metaphorically, in a rose-colored world. The only ugly, dark shadow in this beautiful world was Walter Green, a tall, lank, sallow, saturnine bachelor of thirty, whom her parents urged her to marry, and who had already annoyed her by a good deal of very solemn wooing. He would stalk across those beautiful roseate landscapes which were painted on her mental retina, and she hated him accordingly, and all the more intensely because it was made, by her parents, a point of duty that she should like and accept him for her future husband.

However, she was a dutiful child, both by nature and by the influence of instruction. She loved her parents, and had confidence in their judgment and in their disinterested desire for her good. She thought they must be right in this, because they were always right in everything they advised for her. But, nevertheless, the dislike of Walter Green remained, and in spite of the "indelicacy" there was in *saying* that she could never love the man whom her parents had selected for her husband, she could not help *thinking* that it was true, and feeling that, if she were to marry at all, she should wish her husband to be one whom it would be at least possible to love.

Giddy little Celadine was much nearer right in this than she or her parents knew. They were worldly people, to whom money and material wealth were the greatest good. They had indulged a reasonable liking for each other in their youth, and pursuit of a common purpose had confirmed this into such a regard as satisfies natures in which the heart is not largely developed. Next to their wealth they loved Celadine, and their highest ambition for her was to see her the wife of a man already rich, or in the successful pursuit of property.

Thus they prevailed, and Celadine, with many tears, and much pouting of rosy lips, and great rebellion, promised at last to accept Walter Green, and the ill-assorted pair were formally betrothed. And from that hour he became tenfold more repulsive to her than ever before.

Walter Green had firmly determined to become a rich man. He was always looking forward to the future when he should possess houses and lands in abundance, live in luxurious style, and wield a great influence both in the social and political world. Of course he wanted a wife who should be fitted to grace the position in which he would place her. Celadine was pretty enough for any position, but that was not all. His wife must be well educated and well bred.

Therefore, no sooner had he a right to prescribe, or even advise, than he expressed a wish that Celadine should be sent to school. He was in no hurry to marry and take upon himself the expenses of a household, and the interval, until he made ready for this important change, might well be employed by her in attendance at some good institution.

Celadine had never left home, and she was not more unwilling to go now than her parents to permit her absence. But Walter Green had already established an influence over the household which made his lightest wish law, and they yielded. This faculty of influencing crude or inferior minds was the secret of his worldly success. If he had well understood this himself, he would never have advised the sending of Celadine to school, since the discipline of acquiring knowledge and some small experience in life were all she required to lift her immeasurably above him.

But to school she went, and though Walter Green missed her very much, he bore her absence quite philosophically, being at the time engaged in sundry important speculations which kept his mind busily employed. A year passed away and Walter Green saw his young betrothed but two or three times, and even these were unsatisfactory seasons, since she had seen others, and learned to compare them with her lover—a comparison very much to his disadvantage. Then Celadine's father died, and her mother changed her residence for one in the vicinity of the town where the school was situated.

Celadine could visit her home now, without fear of meeting her lover, and though it made her sad to see her father's place vacant, she had never before been so happy in her home, since she first left it. Her first vacation, spent in her new home, was the happiest season she had known since Walter Green first crossed her path. Celadine loved freedom, and here she was emancipated from all rules. Her mother, secure in the ordering of her future destiny, made no attempt to restrain her. She wandered about, at her own sweet will, filled the house with her school companions, or returned their visits, made acquaintances at every farmhouse, and looked over and cheapened every bit of dry goods in the two country stores at the "Corners."

Before she had been two weeks at home, every body for miles around knew, or had heard of Celadine Hoffman, and invitations to all sorts of rustic merry-makings began to pour in to the Hoffman residence.

At the first of these which she attended, Celadine met her fate.

And this fate came in no ungentle form—none other than that of a handsome, merry youth of twenty-two, or thereabouts. It was a decided case of love at first sight, and on both sides, I believe.

It was at a quilting-party—a species of merry-making, I think now almost obsolete even in the most rural of "rural districts," that this meeting took place. Celadine had accepted her invitation, and gone early and in simple attire, with the sole purpose of assisting in the work of the afternoon. And when tea was over she would have gone home, had she not been prevented by the urgency of her young friends, who declared that "all the fun was yet to come," and would by no means permit her departure.

In the summer twilight rustic beaux gathered in, till all the rooms were filled, and merry parties were scattered over the "front yard." And no sooner were candles lighted, than a succession of discordant sounds from the long kitchen announced the arrival of the fiddler, and gave the signal for the commencement of the dance. Glittering chandeliers, decorated walls, chalked floors, and elegant toilets are not absolutely necessary adjuncts to the happiness of the ball-room. Farmer White's low-ceiled kitchen, with its rough floor, and the dim light of a few tallow dips, was the scene of merriment as genuine, if not as refined, as ever echoed from a metropolitan dancing room. And trim dresses of calico and muslin, while not incongruous in that homely place, were perhaps as well calculated to set off the slender forms and the glowing faces of the rustic beauties assembled there, as silks and tulle the more refined charms of city belles. At any rate there was plenty of fun, as had been promised, and Celadine could not but feel the effervescent spirits of the hour, and enter heartily, as became her years, into the enjoyment of the scene.

She had resisted all entreaties to dance until her young hostess brought up Charlie Lawrence. There was something in his mien, bright, clear, confident, without boldness, that fascinated her, just as his merry voice and laugh had during the half hour they had been ringing through the room. She had accepted his invitation to dance at once, though the next moment an awkward consciousness of her extremely simple toilet caused her to blush, and made her graceful manner vanish. But this was only for an instant. Charlie had already uttered some bright, keen jest that aroused her laughter, and from that moment she was at ease. She forgot her dress, all the accessories, of the scene, Walter Green and her betrothal, and was genuinely happy.

Celadine danced four times with Charlie Lawrence, and then, though her mother had sent her serving man to bring her home, she accepted the eagerly offered escort of her new acquaintance.

They walked home in the moonlight, between the scented clover-fields, hand in hand, two happy children for the hour, in sweet forgetfulness of prudent conventionalities, of all but the dear pleasure each felt in the other's presence.

They parted at the Widow Hoffman's gate, amidst urgent entreaties from Charlie Lawrence that he might be permitted to visit Celadine in a few days. The request had raised the remembrance of the dark shadow which had crossed the young girl's life. Walter Green seemed almost to stand visibly before her, and she dared not yield the consent she longed to give. The serving man came up, and Celadine retreated into the house, unheeding the entreaties of her new friend for a reply.

Be sure, many days had not elapsed before Charlie came. Celadine saw him drive up to the gate, in his light wagon, looking so proud, and happy, and confident, that she could but tremble at the thought of the coming interview, knowing how weak was her little, fluttering heart, and how strongly something within seemed pleading for the handsome youth. She would fain have had her mother go with her to meet her visitor in the parlor, but the good lady was busy, and, thinking no evil, bade her daughter go alone, and wondering how the farmer's boy dared to call upon her Celadine.

Celadine was very cold and distantly civil. The image of Walter Green was present with her, and Charlie, who had not seen much of the world, and knew little of girlish caprices, was abashed in spite of a good share of self-confidence, and rather disposed to take offence. Thus the visit was neither long nor pleasant. Half an hour after Charlie had driven up, with such a radiant face, he went away with something very like a frown upon his brow, and Celadine retreated to her chamber to indulge in that strictly feminine luxury—"a good cry."

But Charlie came again, the next Sunday, when everybody but Celadine, who had a slight headache, was away at church. Celadine thought it quite improper for him to come on Sunday, a day on which no visiting had ever been allowed at the Hoffman house; but she was very glad to see him, and to be thus assured that he was not offended, even in spite of that objection. So she was extremely civil to him, and almost cordial; which conduct emboldened the young gentleman, who, to be sure, did not need much encouragement, having a sufficiently good opinion of himself, to invite her to take a drive with him—"just round the square, only a mile or two, and Earl would travel it in no time, almost."

But Celadine declined. The Sabbath had always been kept sacred from all uses of its hours for merely wordly purposes in her home, and she was even shocked at the proposition. But at last she yielded—she could not withstand Charlie's pleadings.

She went, and as they drove along, Charlie pointed out all that was most lovely in the landscape, and Celadine had never felt so happy in her life, spite of sundry stings of conscience that, from time to time, assailed her. She did not think of Walter Green, or she would have been less happy.

Celadine did not know the country roads, and she suddenly found herself approaching a lovely cottage, nestled among tall forest trees, which she had seen from a cross-road and admired a little while previous. Charlie announced this as his home, his father's house, and insisted that she should enter, a proposition which she emphatically resisted until a pretty, bashful young girl, Charlie's sister, came tripping down the walk and added her entreaties to her brother's. So she finally added this transgression to the already long list of similar ones, and alighted, "just for a minute," as she said.

But the minute lengthened itself into nearly two hours, during which a very nice dinner, and a plentiful supply of summer fruits had been discussed. The sun was setting when the youthful pair reached Celadine's home, and found the Widow Hoffman both anxious and angry, and ready to treat her child with a harshness that contrasted most unfavorably with the attentions she had received from Charlie's parents.

Charlie thought, when he drove away, that he should not dare to go again to visit Celadine. But a youthful attraction, pure and genuine, is too strong to be resisted, unless the object be habitually repellant and unkind, and a few more days saw Charlie again at the shrine of his new love. And in a little time he spoke of that love, and of marriage, and then Celadine, with many tears, that too truly betrayed her secret, was forced to inform him of her engagement, and forbid him all hope. Several exceedingly lachrymose interviews succeeded, and then Widow Hoffman interfered and sent Celadine back to school a whole week before the close of the vacation, and forbade Charlie ever to speak to her daughter again.

Charlie did not promise, being fully persuaded that he should speak to Celadine on the first opportunity. That being wanting, he wrote to her; but the young girl was trying to practise her duty, and having been instructed that her engagement to Walter Green could not be set aside, was endeavoring to forget her young lover. So Charlie's letters remained unanswered, and Charlie was in despair, for a time, and then hopeful, because fully determined to triumph at last.

And he did triumph, as might have been predicted. Celadine could not always remain at school. And when she came home he had plenty of opportunities for the coveted meetings. If he could not see her at her home, as her mother forbade, there was his own, with his little sister, the most kind and thoughtful of coadjutors; there were the rustic merry-makings; there were the fields and quiet country roads, with the blue sky, or maybe some green tree for canopy, and no ear to listen to the whispered tale of love.

Walter Green was secure of his promised bride. He was absorbed in making money, and came not to look after her. Even Mrs. Hoffman began to think him neglectful, and finally to resent his silence and absence, and then to admit a small liking for brave, handsome, merry Charlie Lawrence, and to reflect that he was heir of a fine farm and much ready money, and a stirring fellow who was sure to get rich, and thus would not be an absolutely bad match for Celadine.

The result was easily enough foreseen. A letter asking a release from the engagement was written to Walter Green, which received no answer, because the aforesaid Walter was absent from his home on a speculating tour. And this tour being lengthened, for various reasons, beyond its original limits, it so chanced that the letter lay upon his table unopened for nearly a month. There were other letters there, and a pile of newspapers, and when at last he came home, it chanced that his eye fell first on these, and he fell to perusing the latest for news of the stock market, or some other matter of equal interest to his money-getting mind. And reading this, his eye followed the column down, and saw the list of marriages, and therein a familiar name; and he read how, on a certain day just past, Charles Lawrence of —— had been married to Celadine Hoffman of the same place.

Walter Green was a saddened man. One of the darling schemes of his life had been thwarted, one of his cherished hopes had been crushed. He said no word to any one, but pursued his onward course just as usual. He had read Celadine's letter, and saw that he had neglected her, as she said, and he could not but acknowledge that Charlie Lawrence, whom he knew, was a fitter mate for her than he would have been.

Years passed. Walter Green had become suddenly an old man, with many grey hairs among his once raven locks, while Charlie and Celadine, gay and happy young married people, with a sweet little family growing up round them, were looking forward to a long and pleasant life. What were their vicissitudes we need not relate here, but when Walter Green died unmarried, a few years after their marriage, he left all his hardly acquired wealth to their children, and Celadine reigned, as he had once hoped she would, though not as his wife, in the splendid mansion he had erected on his estate.

TWO LOVING HEARTS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis sweet to see two loving hearts
  Glide on affections stream,
And all oblivious of the world,
  Of the bright future dream;
But sweeter far to see them reach
  Fair pleasure's golden shore,
Where all their joys, with music soft
  Shall mingle evermore.

Thus may our two fond, loving hearts
  Be mingled into one,
And we unto each other turn,
  As flowers to the sun;
And may no grief our hours beguile,
  But joyous may we be;
Thou in thy earnest, trustful love,
  I in my faith—in thee.

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THE BRITISH DESERTER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

I was a private in the Scotch corps, known as Fraser's Rangers, which accompanied General Burgoyne in the summer of 1777 from Montreal, on that eventful campaign, which opened with such brilliant hopes, but was so disadvantageously terminated at Saratoga. My captain was a near relative, and on my joining his command had promised to use his influence to obtain for me the rank of a commissioned officer. Our company was made up of one hundred selected young men, all unrivalled in point of bodily strength, activity, and endurance of fatigue and exposure; and it was not long before we became the especial favorite corps of the commanding general. On all occasions, where any service, requiring extraordinary prudence and courage was necessary, a requisition was made upon Captain Fraser and his "Scotch boys;" so that in a little time we became the marked and envied company of all those eight thousand troops, the flower of the British army of the North.

The affair of Ticonderoga had passed, and after various successes, the column had advanced toward the Hudson River; it being the intention of our General to force his way southward, and rallying around him as he proceeded those favorable to the cause of the King, to effect a junction with the forces of General Howe, then blockaded in New York.

But the Americans, recovering from the check we had given them at Brandywine and Germantown, were now concentrating their forces, so that our line of march was closely invested by them. Indeed, fortune seemed at this juncture, to have taken a turn against us, and reverses after reverses followed in rapid succession; till upon eve of the fatal day of Saratoga, our prospects had become anything but flattering. Gloom pervaded the army, and every face was darkened with sad forebodings.

Our communications had been cut off with Clinton and home; and as the enemy possessed the country between us and them, and such was their vigilance, it had been utterly impossible for our spies and messengers to reach the British lines. No less than five messengers had been dispatched to our friends for re-inforcements, but all of them had failed, and fallen into the hands of the Americans.

One morning in the last week of September, while our column was encamped some forty miles from Albany, an orderly sergeant entered my tent with an order from the Commanding General, to present myself at his marquee.

I obeyed the summons; and on entering the tent was met by my captain, who presented me to Burgoyne. The latter was seated at a table covered with papers, and a map of the country, which he seemed to have been just consulting. General Burgoyne at once informed me that he wished some one to pass the enemy's lines and communicate with General Clinton, and from my captain's recommendation had chosen me for the hazardous undertaking. I was to pretend to desert, and on my return should be made a lieutenant, and my future promotion be as rapid as possible.

These brilliant promises, backed by unanswerable arguments, overcame all my scruples, and being intrusted with the verbal message to Sir Henry Clinton or to General Howe, I pledged my word to be ready to leave the camp as soon as the darkness of the night should cover my pretended desertion.

After the guard had been arranged for the night, which was cloudy, and threatening rain, Captain Frazer led me one side, and communicated to me the more minute details of our project, at the same time presenting me with a pair of marching boots, in the lining of which, he informed me, was secreted a letter of recommendation to General Clinton.

All being now settled, he embraced me, and cheerfully bid me good night, and a successful journey, and I was left alone to make my final preparations for the perilous adventure before me.

My captain had so planned it, that on this particular night I should accompany a corporal and three men on some service connected with a reconnoisance in front of our advanced pickets. On passing the videttes, we had been instructed to separate and feel our way cautiously to the designated point of our observations, where we were again to unite.

On the way I managed to fall in with the corporal, with whom I immediately began to tamper, pretending to be desirous of having him desert with me to the American lines.

"Our case is a failing one, Sandy," said I, "and I, for one, am determined to stay by a sinking ship no longer. It is but ten minutes' walk from here to the Yankee sentinels, and what say you, my boy? Let King George go to the devil, while we join the rising fortunes of Washington!"

At first the corporal supposed I was joking, but finally the earnestness of my manner alarmed him.

"You really are not serious in what you say, Donald?"

I assured him I never was more so in my life.

"Why, Sandy," said I, "I am this moment on my way to throw myself among the American picket men, and I invite you, my boy, to do so with me."

The corporal suddenly sprang into the path before me, and bringing his rifle to a trail, with the muzzle pointed toward my breast, exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to alarm the other three men—

"No, no, Donald—not even for Washington's commission would I do it! Nor shall you. Stand, sir, I arrest you as a traitor to your country. Ho! here, men, seize the deserter!"

And then the brave fellow continued, addressing himself directly to me in a determined tone that could not be mistaken, while in the darkness I could see his eyes emit flashes of fire.

"Advance but a single step, Donald McDonald, and you are a dead man!"

I heard the rapid footsteps of our comrades approaching the spot; not a moment was to be lost; and being prepared for just such a scene, I leaped upon the corporal, and attempted to disarm him. In the struggle the piece exploded, instantly throwing the videttes into alarm.

I now took advantage of the temporary confusion that ensued, and quitting my hold upon the weapon, ran swiftly in the direction of the American pickets. Sandy followed me, shouting to the men, who were coming up, to fire upon me, regardless of him. They fired, and one of their bullets passed through my sleeve, slightly wounding my right arm. But throwing away my rifle and other accoutrements, I was enabled to outrun my pursuers for a time, but after a while, the nature of the ground made it necessary to make a long detour to the left, which brought me withinn a few rods of our pickets again. They must have heard my running, for shot after shot whistled in alarming proximity to my ears. At length I sought the cover of a gully, up which I ran till I was arrested by the challenge of a sentinel, which, from its nasal tone, I had no doubt was one of the advance videttes of the enemy. Such indeed it proved.

I answered the hail, and after informing the man that I was a British deserter, was directed to advance. The man then shouted to the sergeant of the guard, by whom I was admitted within the American lines. I approached a group of soldiers, by whom, of course, I was regarded with suspicion, till, being led to the guard-fire, the blood from my wound convinced them that I was indeed a deserter.

Here I was confused by the countless questions that were asked me in relation to our command, and the cause of my desertion. The reason I gave for the latter was that I was dissatisfied with a service in which there were no hopes of promotion, short of rations, and frequent punishments for the most trivial breaches of discipline.

"I guess, young feller, ef the treuth was told," drawled one of my questioners, "yer got tired ov toting that ere big ball and chain about camp, for I calculate ye've been punished lately—haint ye?"

Willing to confirm the impression this attempted witticism seemed to have produced among the men, I nodded my assent.

"I reckoned so," was the reply. "You canuck Scotch are spunky sort o' fellers, and won't stand much abuse, anyhow. But never mind," continued the man, good-naturedly, "ef yer prove treue to the Contenellers, we'll make a man ov yer yet."

I was relieved from my tormentors by a sergeant, who directed me to follow him to the main guard tent, where I was furnished with a blanket, and told that in the morning I should be taken to the headquarters of General Gates.

It is useless to say that such were my reflections, and the novel situation in which I had thus placed myself, that I did not sleep much through this my first night within the American lines. But overcome at last by weariness and anxiety with regard to the success of my mission, I must have sunk into a slumber, when I was aroused by the cheerful notes of the reveille in front of the tent; and after the ceremony of mounting the new guard was completed, I was led to the marquee occupied by the American general.

This officer, to whom, so soon after, our unhappy general was forced to capitulate, I found a courteous and extremely gentlemanly man of about fifty. He received me with a friendly greeting, and rising from his seat, presented me with a camp stool, on which I was requested to be seated.

I at once saw that I had to deal with a man of much penetration of character, and I trembled for the result of my examination. By degrees he drew from me, almost unconsciously to myself, the fact that our army was suffering for necessary supplies of food, and that there were no prospects of our receiving any aid from the main army.

"How did you get that wound?" he inquired, perceiving I had fixed my arm in a sling.

"I received it while attempting my escape from our lines," I answered.

"And that was the cause of the firing last night?"

"It was, sir."

"You had a narrow escape, then. But what do you now propose to do? We have already more deserters than we know how to dispose of."

"With your permission, sir," I replied, "I would like to go to Philadelphia, where I have relations living, with whom I can remain till this unhappy war is ended."

"Well, I will see about that;" and making a signal to the sentry in charge of me, I was led back to the guard tent.

I was not kept in close surveillance, but was permitted to go at large among the men, to all of whom I was careful to tell the same story of my desertion, and the causes that led to it. In my walks during the day, I perceived that the sentinels, who were mostly militia men, were extremely careless in their duty; and I hoped if such was the case, to have but little difficulty in making my escape from the camp. My course would lead me to the south, and as the position was somewhat elevated, I could easily select my landmarks by which to steer in the obscurity.

Night came; and after the retreat had sounded I was again remanded to the guard tent; more, however, as a place of shelter than a prison. When my companions were asleep, it was the work only of a moment to cut a single cord and creep under the rear of the tent. But my next movements were attended with more danger. I however succeeded in eluding the camp sentinels, some of whom, from their positions, I had little doubt were comfortably sleeping from the effects of their plentiful suppers. But when I reached the pickets, and attempted to avoid them, I found it necessary to proceed with greater caution. Beyond these, mounted patrols could be heard riding leisurely in every direction. I had heard of the way that our Indian allies passed a vigilant sentinel, and, adopting it, threw myself upon my belly, and drew myself over the ground.

I had almost succeeded in eluding the pickets also, when, as I crept over a fallen log, I chanced to place my hand upon a brittle limb, which snapped beneath my weight with a report almost equal to that of a rifle. The sound was heard by the watchful sentinel, who instantly shouted the challenge, and the next instant a musket ball struck with a startling "thud" into the log. I was convinced I had been discovered; and, rising to my feet, ran with all my speed toward a thicket, a few hundred yards in advance.

All was now alarm; and answering to each other's signals, the patrols came gallopping after me. It was now a race of life and death; and rapidly were the horsemen gaining upon me; for it was not so dark but that objects could be distinctly discerned at a considerable distance. The mounted men were armed with carbines and pistols, and these were discharged as I ran, cutting the air with their whistling balls, and rattling among the thickets ahead of me.

A few more yards and I should have reached the cover, which I knew the horses could not penetrate; but one of the patrols, a good distance in advance of his comrades, was now upon me, and with another bound would be within striking distance. I could see his uplifted sabre by the dim starlight, as he poised it to bury its edge into my brain. My escape was now hopeless, and I turned to beg for quarter and surrender myself a prisoner to the American. At this moment I was passing beneath the low, outstretched limbs of a large oak tree. The patrol, in his eagerness did not observe it, till too late to turn his horse aside. The animal, with a headlong impetus, kept on his direct course, and before the rider could help himself, he was struck by the projecting branches, and dashed backwards to the ground.

Instantaneous with the fall of the trooper, a happy thought occurred to me; and, springing forward, I seized the flying reins of the riderless horse, and threw myself into the saddle.

It is unnecessary to add that my escape was now easy; and that, without any other adventure, I reached our main army. My letter was handed to the commander-in-chief, and my message delivered. Clinton promised the desired relief; indeed, after a day or two wasted in useless delay, he himself proceeded with a large force up the Hudson, but too late to prevent the humiliating drama which made Burgoyne and his brave army conventional prisoners to the Americans.

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"THAT WHICH SATISFIETH."

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I declare," said Abner Leeds, speaking to his wife, as they were walking home one evening, "Philip Twombly's house has a comfortable, cosy appearance."

"So it has," was the reply of the wife.

"How neat and well arranged Mary Twombly keeps everything," pursued Abner. "She is an excellent woman."

The wife was thoughtful, and made no reply to this.

"I did not mean, Julia, that she was better than my own wife. Of course you didn't so understand me."

"No, Abner: I do not think you would find fault with me. At all events, I try not to give you occasion." Julia Leeds looked up with a smile, and presently she added: "Mary Twombly is a good housekeeper, and a warm, devoted friend. Still, I think her house is no neater than mine."

"Of course it is not," said Abner.

"Only," continued Julia, "she has more to do with. Our house is exactly like theirs in its construction; it is finished in the same manner, and even the wall-papers are the same."

"Yes," replied Abner. "Our houses were built by the same man, and from the same plan."

"It is the addition of those pictures, and pretty ornaments which make Twombly's rooms look so cheerful," remarked Julia. "O, how much pictures do add to the attractiveness of a home. Don't you think so, Abner?"

"Why—yes, Julia—I think they do."

"And," pursued the wife, "what fine pictures they have. How neat and pretty the frames are, and how tastefully they are arranged. I think I could arrange some very tastefully, too, if I had them."

Abner Leeds did not reply at once to this, but finally he said, a little dubiously:

"I don't know, after all, Julia, as such things are of any real benefit."

"O, yes, they are, Abner. Everything is a benefit which helps to make a home cheerful; and what is there, in the way of ornament, more cheerful than good pictures? They are companions. I should not be lonesome where there were pretty pictures. Think, when you are tired and weary, or when you are weak and sick, how much comfort you can take in resting the eye upon a cheerful picture. Pictures make a room attractive; and surely we cannot have too many attractions at home."

Abner Leeds liked pictures; and he knew that his wife was aware of that fact; so he could not dispute her position. He could only say:

"I admit all that, Julia; but you know I cannot afford to buy pictures. I have often thought, when I have been in Twombly's house, that I would like pictures, and mantel ornaments like his; but it's of no use to wish for them. I find no money to spare for such extras."

"I wish we could have a few, Abner; but I wouldn't wish for them unwisely. Perhaps, at some time, you can afford to purchase some."

At this juncture they arrived at their own house, and entered the quiet little sitting-room, where Julia's sister was caring for the two bright-haired and bright-eyed children. The apartment was as neat and tidy as any in the town; but the walls were bare; and as Julia cast her eyes over the vacant spaces, her thoughts might be easily read. How pleasant some pretty pictures would look there; and how much more cheerful the room would be.

Perhaps, as Abner and his wife sat there, after the children had gone to bed, their thoughts took the same channel. Julia knew that Philip Twombly did not receive any more wages than her husband did. She knew that they both owned their houses, and that they both had about the same expenses to meet in the support of their families. Julia thought of this; but she would not speak of it; for she knew that her husband was not a spendthrift; and if he had any little habits which he wished to indulge, she would not find fault. He was kind and generous, and true and faithful, and she prized him as a precious companion.

"You are thinking of pictures," Abner said, as he saw his wife's eyes wandering over the bare walls.

Julia started, but quickly replied, with a smile:

"Not selfishly, my good husband." She kissed him, and then added—"Some time, when you can afford it, you will buy me one, I know, and until then I shall be content."

Abner kissed his wife in return, and said that he would certainly buy a picture when he had the money to spare.

Only a few days after this Abner met Philip Twombly, and the latter had a fine oil painting under his arm.

"Come home with me and see it," said Philip.

It was only a few steps to Twombly's house, and Abner went with him. The picture was taken from its wrapper, and proved to be a beautiful landscape, from some of the lake scenery of New York; and when it was hung in its place upon the wall, it seemed really to shed new radiance over the apartment. It was attractive and refreshing.

"I declare," said Abner, as he cast his eyes about over the pictures, "I should like some such as these, but I don't have the money to spare. What did this landscape cost?"

"The picture and frame, together, cost fourteen dollars."

"Upon my soul, Philip, I don't see how you afford it."

"Ah," replied Philip Twombly, with a smile, "there's a secret in that."

"A secret?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you, Abner. Just sit down, and you shall know how I afford these little attractions to my home."

Abner Leeds sat down, and Philip spoke as follows:

"After we had been married a year, or a little more, we went to visit my wife's uncle. He had a great many very valuable pictures in his house, and both Mary and I took much pleasure in looking at them. When we came home Mary often expressed the wish that we could have some pictures. I *wished* as much as she did; but I was not so free in the expression of my wish, because I felt that I could not afford such luxuries. One day, while we were in the bookstore, we saw a picture which we both fancied. It was an engraving—a scene from Shakspeare—there it hangs, in that gilt frame. The price was ten dollars, for the picture and frame. Mary was very eager, but I had to put her off. I had no ten dollars to spare. That evening, as I sat alone in this very room, looking up at the very place where that picture now hangs, I thought how pleasant it would be to have the ornament there; and I also thought how much it would please my wife. I think this last consideration had the most weight with me then; for Mary was a precious wife, and did so much for my comfort. As I sat, thus pondering, I took out a cigar, and was upon the point of lighting it, when I remembered that Mary had asked me not to smoke in the parlor, because the odor of the tobacco clung so long to the curtains. I was in a thoughtful mood, and my thoughts took a curious turn—a new turn for me. They ran in this way:

"I could not possibly afford to buy the picture which my wife so much wanted, and which would add so much to the cheerful aspect of our parlor. Ten dollars was more than I had to spare for any such purpose. I looked at the cigar which I held in my fingers, and thought what that cost. I remembered that I paid five cents for it, and that I was in the habit of smoking four or five of them in a day, and sometimes more. My cigars did not always cost so much as that, but I did not hesitate to set down that item of expense at fifteen cents a day. This led me to another thing: I drank from three to four glasses of ale a day, making another daily item of at least fifteen cents. So here was an expense of thirty cents a day for ale and cigars. I reckoned it up, and found that it amounted to over two dollars a week, and about one hundred and nine dollars a year! So, in a little over four weeks, I smoked and drank a ten-dollar picture!

"This led me to another thought: What good did the cigars do me, and what good the ale? I rather fancied that I should be better off without them. Not only were they making a bondman of me, but I had good reason to believe that they were gradually undermining my health. I sat an hour in this mood, and when I arose, my resolution for the future was taken. I threw my cigar away, and on the evening of the next day I put thirty cents into a box, having left my ale and cigars untouched. On the day following I did the same, and so I kept on doing. For a few weeks I missed my old masters, and there were some seasons of struggle; but I had an object in view, and I was firm. At the end of a month I found ten dollars in my box, and I went and bought the picture. When I saw my wife's sparkling eye, and received her warm kiss of thanks, I had reward enough for all the effort I had made. But this reward was not all. I not only had conquered an evil habit, and gained thereby the means of adding new attractions to our home, but I also improved in mental and physical health. That was something over three years ago. The old box is still in use, and into it I drop my daily tribute. Thus, you see, the pictures which adorn our walls, the ornaments upon our mantels, and the little statues in our garden, are the things which I have chosen in lieu of ale and cigars. In short, Abner, in the expenditure of money for the purchase of what we may term luxuries, I have learned to strive after THAT WHICH SATISFIETH."

When Abner Leeds went to his home that evening, he had new thoughts in his mind. He made a daily use of ale and cigars. He had never thought it any harm, and even now he did not regard it in that light. But he was led to ask himself if, from his limited means, his spare money might not be spent for something which would be of more benefit to himself and family. He had strength of mind enough to keep a resolution when it was once formed, and, before he pressed his pillow on that night, his resolution had been taken. On the following morning he prepared him a box, with a hole in the top, and when evening came, he dropped into it three dimes. It was the money saved from the old channel. He had smoked no cigars and he had drank no ale through the day. Another day passed with the same result. It came hard; there was a conflict, and a struggle. Such tyrants were not to be conquered without effort. But Abner Leeds was firm. His foot had been set in the new course, and he would not yield his manhood to the old appetite. And he triumphed. When the tempter was entirely put away—when the desire for the old narcotic and stimulant had been wholly overcome, he went to his box, and he found fifteen dollars there. Away he went to the store where pictures were sold, and purchased a pair of handsomely framed engravings. He carried them home, and hung them up, and then called his wife to see them.

Where did they come from? O, how pretty! She hoped he had not inconvenienced himself in purchasing them.

And then Abner told his wife the whole story—told her what he had done, and what he meant to do.

Ah, when the arms of his fond wife were about his neck—when she kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how happy and gratified she was—then he began to realize in a new and brighter light the reward of his self-sacrifice.

And Abner Leeds was true to his promise. As the months rolled on, new pictures were added; new-books were brought home; pleasing ornaments graced the mantels; and new joys thus flowed to the household. And for all this what had he lost? Nothing. He had been the gainer in every way. It was truly a blessed lesson of life which he had learned; and he tried to teach it to others; so that other homes might be as bright and cheerful and attractive as his own.

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Languages.—More than two hundred languages are spoken, but few are independent: some are connected by words having the same meaning, some by grammatical structure, others by both; indeed the permanency of language is so great, that neither ages of conquest nor mixing with other nations have obliterated the native idioms of a people. The French, Spanish, and German retain traces of the common language spoken before the Roman conquest, and the Celtic tongue still exists in the British islands.

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Mrs. Howard's Spending Money.—The benevolent John Howard, well known for his philanthropy, especially his attention to prisoners, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other excursion she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was the answer. This charitable hint met his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

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No enjoyment can be transitory; the impression which it leaves is permanent; and what is done with diligence and effort communicates a hidden force, of which we cannot say how far its influence may extend.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

When the furious Orson saw his own image reflected from his brother's shield, he started back and stayed his blow; and many of our own attacks on our brother's faults might be arrested, if there were a mirror on his bosom, to show us our own likeness there.

It is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest; we may boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but say naught of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks, and tobacco-stoppers, made from the ends and chips.

The sun that only burns the brows of other men turns the work of the farmer's hands to glory and gold. The rains that bring discomfort to others, are beating the reveille of life and plenty for him.

Many persons are purified and exalted by sickness; as if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls.

The sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, and gives no explanation of itself—no answer to our impatient questionings.

The figure of justice is placed on the cupola of a court-house to indicate that she is above the reach of the multitude.

When a lover asks the important question, his sweetheart can say yes—and yet not give a short answer.

Soldiers are of little efficiency unless harmonious. Their minds, as well as their bodies, should be in uniform.

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious far the world of God within us.

A lady should discard a lover that she can't influence. She shouldn't keep a beau that she can't bend.

A purse without money is better than a head without brains; the first may be filled, the other can't.

Those are praise-worthy levelers who would raise the lowest part of society to the level of the highest.

How glorious must be the earth when even her shadow, the Night, is so beautiful.

A merchant's safe, like a soldier, is of little value if it can't stand fire.

The good deeds that most sons prefer that their father should leave behind them are real estate deeds.

Say to a captious man that it is a fine day, and he will be sure to suggest some defect in it.

An earthquake doesn't dispose men to sleep, but it makes the earth yawn.

Many people take offence at everything, whose consciences take offence at nothing.

Praying to God is but poor amends for preying upon men.

Heaven is so near to us as to be within an infant's reach.

Men of narrow ways are not in the narrow way recommended in the Bible.

The mountain tops are cold even when covered with *firs*.

A bad husband beats his wife, and a bad wife beats the devil.

The narrower a soul is, the more easily it is *crossed*.

Calmness indicates refinement. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; and there is no fear of your having to be one in adversity.

It is as great folly to spend time in trifles as it would be to shoe horses, as Nero did, with gold.

The infirmities of great men are ever the consolation of dunces.

Sorrow is never more sorrowful than when it jests at its own misery.

The best government is a government of the wisest and best.

A rejected lover sometimes escapes a great disappointment by means of a small one.

Appointments, once made, become debts. I have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

As a gentleman and lady were riding on horseback near Weehawken, N. J., a few days since, the horse which the lady was riding became frightened, and ran away. The gentleman dashed after his companion to save her from unknown peril, and coming up just as her horse was nearing a precipice about twenty feet high, he caught her from the saddle, and an instant afterwards the horse disappeared down the descent. Fortunately the animal was not seriously hurt, and having been led out of the ravine, he demurely bore his mistress home.

A man representing himself to be a clergyman, dressed in clerical guise, who had been collecting money under pretense of aiding the families of the soldiers killed in the various battles that have taken place, having been discovered to be an impostor, was taken by a number of stalwart men to Gowanus Bay, and ducked until he disgorged sixty-three dollars, which he alleged to be the amount he had collected by his false representations.

Four or five rowdies lately attacked a couple of young men who were on their way from an up-town church, where they had been to attend a weekly meeting along with their sisters, whom they were escorting home; the young men happening to be expert boxers, and accustomed to gymnastic and other muscle-toughening exercises, placed the ladies behind them, and soon polished off the rowdies so effectually that they beat a hasty retreat.

A party of hunters in Northwestern Iowa coming suddenly upon a huge panther, fired in such haste that they only wounded the beast which, with a yell of fury, sprang upon them, and bore one of them to the earth; but the others, being "true grit," assailed the panther with their knives, and cut him up before he succeeded in doing their comrade much serious harm, although he was severely scratched.

John Wilson, a laboring man, lay down to rest on a stick of timber on a pier on the North River one day recently about 2 o'clock, P. M., and the hot sun shining down upon him, brought on an attack of insanity, as it was supposed, inasmuch as he woke up in a fit of raving, and had to be taken to the hospital, where at last accounts he still remained in a demented state.

A wretched drunkard, living in Mulberry street, attempted to kill his wife (an honest, industrious woman) one night a short time since, for the purpose of getting possession of a small sum of money which she would not give up to him, as she had by rigid economy saved it to buy food and other necessaries of life for her children, of which she has four.

Half a dozen boys who were in swimming in the East River near Greenpoint, one evening lately, rashly swam out in the wake of a passing vessel, and in the excitement got so far from the shore that two of them gave out before they could return to shoal water, and came near drowning, being rescued by their companions only after the most persevering and exhausting efforts.

A New-Yorker, named Reuben Lawson, who had been doing a thriving business at Vera Cruz, Mexico, for some time past, as a gambler, was set upon by a number of natives one night not long since, shot, stabbed, and literally cut in pieces, for having, as they alleged, cheated them at play, and thereby robbed them of much money.

A number of young men from the country, who wished to see the worst phases of New York life, went into a den in the vicinity of the Five Points one night recently, where they were attacked by a gang of ruffians and cruelly beaten. Strangers wishing to make such explorations should always secure the services of a policeman, else they will be very apt to meet with disaster.

A portly, well-dressed man having insulted a lady in a Broadway omnibus one day recently, was taken in hand by three gentlemen and tumbled into the street, where a curious crowd eagerly sought to obtain from him all the facts of the case, but he declined to give them.

A couple of ruffians assailed a man in Pearl street near Cedar, one evening lately, with the evident design of robbing him; but he drew a revolver with which he kept them at bay; and yelling for a policeman he soon called one to his aid, on whose appearance the highwaymen fled.

A party of sailors who had been drinking freely got into a fight one night lately, at the corner of South street and Burling slip, during which one of them struck at an opponent with a knife, and cut his throat so badly it was not supposed he would live.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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CALIFORNIA.

The history of California is the most remarkable of any State which has ever risen to wealth and importance. It cannot be said to have grown. Like Minerva from the head of Jove, it sprang into existence full grown. This is true with hardly a figure of speech.

A scientific expedition—alas for science—tramped over the gold domain in 1844—5, spread its tents on the auriferous regions, and discovered them not. It was reserved for a humble New Jersey man to make the discovery, which he did on the 19th of January, 1848. Immediately the gold fever began. People left their flocks and herds for the dazzling work of suddenly acquiring wealth. The news spread like a hurricane over the civilized world. Aristocracy, which, without wealth, is a body without a soul, was in Europe deeply interested in this republican phase of action. An impending alteration in all prices was looked for in Europe, and governments, especially those of France, Holland and Russia, looked into the question. The Bank of Amsterdam availed itself of a law not yet put in operation, to sell its gold at the highest rate, and take in silver. Prudent Dutchmen. The ten-florin pieces were sent to Paris, coined into Napoleons, and silver five-franc pieces drawn out in their place. At Paris the premium on gold fell from nearly two per cent. to a discount, in a few months. At the end of a year five thousand miners were at work; in the next two, forty or fifty thousand; now there are about one hundred thousand miners. The most lucky workmen in the richest placers often made from five hundred to five thousand dollars in a day. But there came a fall in the averages, which were so large. In 1853 the average of miners had fallen to five dollars a day; in 1860 it was but three dollars.

Never before were seen such scenes as in the early days of San Francisco Americanized. All the usual distinctions between gentleman and servant, capitalist and workman, were broken down. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, played porters and laborers; anything that could supply the means of a livelihood was eagerly embraced. The result was a splendid impulse of effort, an heroic progress, such as the world had never seen. There were no idlers. Men, however, spent too generally as freely as they made, and the annals of California tell of many wrecked hopes and bruised spirits. Notwithstanding all the gold gathered from California, notwithstanding the magnificent revelations of agricultural resources which that wondrous country reveals, there is really no question that up to this time it has not paid its expenses. When we consider the labor and capital drawn from the old States, the necessity of maintaining, to a great extent, the early settlers, while developing the resources of the country, the investments in ships, mail routes, additional troops, all growing out of the great event, we may easily come to the conclusion that, like every other colony, it does not requite for the investment. Like that of Virginia, which ruined Raleigh, or Pennsylvania, which nearly beggared Penn, or any other that may be named as a colony, so is California. The first generation supports those that are to follow. The pioneer carries the cross always.

USURY.

In times like the present the usurers reap a golden harvest. They wax fat on the necessities of trade. In vulgar parlance they are known as shavers; but they should be called flayers, for they *skin* their victims. One would think that only madmen would submit to their manipulations; yet merchants, with a reputation for sagacity, often suffer themselves to be bled into a state of pecuniary asphyxia by these merciless phlebotomists; nay even beg, almost with tears in their eyes, to be "accommodated" with ruin at the rate of from two to three per cent. a month. Even a quarter per cent. a day is sometimes paid to save a protest. Strange that men with all the rules of commercial arithmetic at their fingers' ends—who can calculate the profits on any profitable operation with telegraphic rapidity—should be seemingly oblivious of the losses which usurious discounts involve. It is infinitely better, infinitely more manly and honest, to make an assignment and go into bankruptcy at once, than to stave off the evil day—sure to come at last—by resorting to the Shylocks of "the Street" for a temporary bolstering. Whoever does so *wrongs his creditors*. He throws *their money* away, without in the slightest degree benefiting himself. On the contrary, he does himself a positive injury, for after having wasted upon land sharks the substance that should have paid a respectable dividend on his debts, those whom he has thus defrauded are pretty sure to look upon him as a knave or a fool, and to give him the cold shoulder when he applies for a release from his obligations and a little credit wherewith to begin the world anew. On the other hand the honest bankrupt, who can show by his books that he has exercised due prudence in the transaction of his business, and that his failure was the result of unavoidable contingencies, can always obtain assistance to set him on his legs again, from the very men who gave him credit previous to his misfortune.

Never resort to illegitimate means for the purpose of keeping up a staggering business. Such a course is unwise, unmercantile and inconsistent with a proper sense of honor. When a house can only be propped up at the rate of two per cent. a month for loans, the sooner it falls the better for all concerned. If the denouement in such a case be long postponed, the wreckers of Wall street will absorb all the capital as salvage, and the owners and those who have claims upon them, will get nothing.

THE VOCABULARY OF WAR.

If we civilians fail to acquire a knowledge of military technics and tactics, it will not be the fault of the book-makers. They overwhelm us with treatises, dictionaries and manuals, illustrative of the art destructive of all other arts—the art of war. And everybody reads these books—even the ladies. Mars has fairly got into the drawing-room. The emptiest and most effeminate of scented and jewelled fops will talk tactics at you by the hour, and were it not for "villanous saltpetre," no doubt "he, too, would have been a soldier." Pretty girls are well up in the military alphabet from "Abatis" to "Zouave," have all the nomenclature of the camp and the battle-field at their fingers' ends, and know how to direct the "artillery" of the eyes so as to make a fatal breach in a bachelor's "breastworks." Ask a belle what she is going to Saratoga for, and she will tell you "to recruit." If you vex her, she will beat "the tattoo" with her foot, and when you make a mistake in military parlance, will be sure to "rally" you. Should her lover volunteer for the war, she will appoint a "rendezvous," favor him with a "salute" at parting, and while he plays with her shining curls, ten to one but she whispers—Have-a-lock?

In short, the social circle has become thoroughly un-civil and decidedly military in its sayings and doings. A pic-nic is no longer a pic-nic but a "bivouac," and fools, instead of being called fools as aforetime, are known as "saps," "full saps," and "double saps." Every dry-goods clerk understands "counter-marching" and the various "countersigns;" bakers designate their business visits as "roll-calls," and money-collectors declare that when they civilly request the settlement of their little bills, they are met, in nine cases out of ten, with "point blank" refusals. The phraseology of the army has even got into the temperance organizations, and their orators, instead of advising the public to drink tea and eschew wine, recommend them to use "canister" in the place of "grape."

Such are the consequences of the war fever, and it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty when the community will be itself again. Meanwhile, however, we look hopefully for the "good time coming" (and, sooner or later, it is bound to come,) when the people of this great country shall no longer "manœuvre by sections," and "ballots" shall supersede "bullets" in the arbitrament of all our domestic differences. Heaven speed the day!

SWINDLING CONTRACTORS.

"What can I do for you, *mon brave?*" said Napoleon to a burly corporal, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Jena. "Sire," said the soldier, "if you would *only hang a commissary now and then.*" The French army, it seems, was so badly off at the time for food and clothing, that this non-commissioned officer preferred summary justice on the parties he considered responsible for the privations of himself and his comrades, to the cross of the Legion of Honor and immediate promotion. Army contractors and purveyors have not altered much for the better since the battle of Jena. They perpetrated awful swindles during the Crimean war, and, judging from the accounts in the daily papers, we have some specimens of the tribe in this country who require looking after if not hanging. Fellows that supply whole regiments with uniforms that drop to pieces in a week—charging for the same from $15 to $17 each—should certainly not escape scot-free. Neither should scoundrels who fill government orders for knapsacks with miserable concerns *put together with glue*, go unwhipt of justice. We don't say they ought to be knit up to the beams of their own factories, but we do think that the law should grip them by the throat and hold them as in a vice, until they consent to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, or to replace their villanous fabrics with sound and serviceable ones. Furthermore, we consider that soldiers are entitled to at least as good fare, and as much of it, as is served out to State Prison felons and Alms House paupers, and that *somebody* should see that they get it. This speculating upon the outfits and rations of the military—this taking toll of their scanty wardrobes and shaving of their daily bread—is a disgrace to the country. It could not be unless there were gross neglect and incompetency in high quarters. If the evil is not speedily and thoroughly remedied, the shame will stick to the skirts of the supervisory officers whose duty it is to see that the contracts for army clothing and provisions are honestly fulfilled. As for the base wretches who perpetrated the swindles, and pocketed the spoils, let them be gibbeted in print, a mark for public execration.

> "Their names, their human names, to every eye,
> The climax of all scorn, should hang on high,
> Exalted o'er their less abhorred compeers,
> And festering in the infamy of years!"

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

The City of New York never contained more ready money than now. The amount of unemployed capital in private hands is enormous. It is, however, for the present comparatively useless. It gives no stimulus to industry. In the absence of any sufficient data on which to found a safe opinion as to the issue or even the course of events, capitalists decline to invest their wealth in any undertaking dependent upon the future for its success. They wait for the clouds to clear away, and in the meantime business and commerce languish, and enterprise and energy, capable of coining gold in ordinary times, are almost a dead letter.

But this state of things *cannot last.* The chaos in which the country is involved must soon resolve itself into definite shapes, and results begin to be apparent to men of judgment. Whenever this takes place—whenever the "solid men" of the community begin to see their way clear through the difficulties by which we are surrounded, the moneybags will be opened, and the millions now locked up will be thrown into active circulation, reviving trade from its temporary syncope, and infusing new life into every branch of productive industry.

Let no one be foolish enough to believe that either brain or muscle can ever long be a drug in this great commercial community. The elements of prosperity in our midst, and the resources by which it is sustained from without, are indestructible. There is no shock from which Americans cannot rally. As yet this great city has received no shock. Things are dull, very dull perhaps, but there was infinitely more individual distress in 1836–7. Faces one sees in the street are cheerful and hopeful. Let us practice economy, and live temperately, and we may confidently leave the future to Providence. There is a "good time coming," and we shall see the dawn of it ere long.

Decision.—Things should never be done by halves: if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

THE BAPTISM OF A NATION.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

About the year 980 there was seated upon the barbaric throne of Russia a prince named Vlademer, one of the most sensual and unscrupulous of men. Officers scoured the empire to search out every beautiful maiden for his harems. His armies were ever on the march of conquest, and the bugles of his military bands were incessantly sounding the charge. From Constantinople Christianity had, at several points, pervaded the great northern empire, and at a few spots in the midst of the wilderness of paganism churches had been established.

Suddenly, and through some instrumentality not now known, this steel-clad warrior became apparently the subject of that marvellous change which nine hundred years before had converted the persecuting soul of Tarsus into Paul the Apostle. The fact of this remarkable conversion is fully attested by Nestor and other contemporary writers. It seems that the king, like Bunyan's pilgrim, burdened with the sense of sin, knew not where to look for relief. His anxiety, which he did not attempt to disguise, increased as he daily pondered the certainty of death, and the uncertainty of what awaited him beyond the grave. As there were some few Christians in the empire, he had doubtless heard intimations of the sublime revelations which Christianity gives of a future judgment,—of heaven or of hell.

In his anxiety, while promptly rejecting the follies of paganism, he sent for the teachers of the three most prominent systems of religion to explain to him the peculiarities of their faith. First came the Mohammedan doctors from Bulgaria. He questioned them closely, and rejected their scheme. The Jewish rabbis were next summoned to his presence. Their arguments were equally unavailing. The king then sent for the most distinguished ecclesiastics from both Constantinople and Rome. Christianity he promptly accepted as the true religion; but as there were some marked differences in the modes of worship adopted in these two renowned capitals of the world, Vlademer sent a deputation of ten of the most distinguished philosophers of Russia to visit both Rome and Constantinople, and report in which city the worship of the Supreme Being was conducted in the most worthy manner. The report was in favor of the Greek church.

This curious mission is well authenticated. An old Greek manuscript still preserved in the royal library at Paris, contains a minute detail of the visit of these ambassadors to Rome and Constantinople. Vlademer resolved to abolish, with imposing pageantry, the old paganism, and to introduce Christianity as the religion of Russia. The measures he adopted were very characteristic of those barbaric times, and seem indeed so entirely inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, that one knows not how to reconcile them with other acts of apparent conscientiousness.

Collecting an immense army, Vlademer conveyed them down the Dneiper in barges, crossed the Black Sea, and entering the Gulf of Cherson, near Sevastopol, after several bloody battles, took military possession of the Crimea. Thus victorious, he sent an embassage to the Emperors Basil and Constantine at Constantinople demanding the young Christian princess Anne for his bride, declaring that if his request were not granted, he would lay Constantinople in ashes. The Emperors, trembling in view of a doom which they had no ability to resist, assented to his demand.

The unhappy maiden was overwhelmed with anguish. She had ever regarded the Russians as savages; and to be compelled to marry their chief was a fate more dreadful than death. She was, however, conducted to the camp of Vlademer, where she was received by the whole army with the most enthusiastic rejoicings. The ecclesiastics who accompanied the princess received the Russian monarch into the Christian church, by the rite of baptism, and at the same hour his marriage with the princess was solemnized.

Returning to Russia with his Christian bride thus rudely wooed and won, he immediately commenced the work of overthrowing paganism and establishing Christianity. Many distinguished ecclesiastics accompanied him on his return, to instruct the people in the new religion. All the idols were collected and burned in huge bonfires. Peroune, the most illustrious of the pagan gods, was dragged through the streets of Kief, which was then the capitol of the empire, and battered, besmeared with mud, and dishonored in every conceivable way, was tumbled into the river in the midst of the hootings and derision of the mob.

And now a decree was issued for all the people of Russia, rich and poor, lords and slaves, to repair to the banks of the Dneiper to be baptized. At the appointed day the river was lined, for miles, with the multitude. Vlademer was conspicuously present, with a vast number of priests to conduct the ceremony. At a given signal the whole assemblage, men, women and children, waded into the stream. The more enthusiastic advanced up to their necks in water, while others, more timid, ventured only waist deep. The priests, stationed in groups along the shore, read the baptismal service, chaunted the praises of God, and then pronounced them all baptized in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. There was no sprinkling or immersion. The wading into the water alone constituted the rite.

Vlademer witnessed the scene in a transport of joy. As the multitude came up out of the water, he raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, exclaiming, in a loud voice of prayer:

"Creator of Heaven and earth, extend Thy blessing to these Thy new children. May they know Thee as true God, and be strengthened by Thee in the true religion. Come to my help against the temptations of the evil spirit, and I will praise Thy name."

Thus, by one blow, was paganism demolished in Russia. The empire was then but a province compared with its almost boundless magnitude now. A Christian church was erected upon the spot where the statue of Peroune had stood. Stone churches were reared throughout the empire, by architects from Constantinople, and ecclesiastics, supported from the royal treasury, preached the gospel in them. Missionaries were sent everywhere to instruct and baptize. Schools were established, conducted by teachers from Greece, and Christian books were translated into the Russian tongue.

The Russian historian Karumsin, whose classic pages will vie in beauty and vigor with those of Livy or Tacitus, says:

"This prince, Vlademer, whom the church has recognized as equal to the apostles, merits from history the title of Great. It is God alone who can know whether Vlademer were a true Christian at heart, or if he were influenced simply by political considerations. It is sufficient for us to state that after having embraced that divine religion, Vlademer appears to have been sanctified by it, and he developed a totally different character from that which he exhibited when involved in the darkness of paganism."

His bride, Anne, proved to be a sincere Christian, and with all her energies co-operated with her husband for the elevation of the Russian people. After a long and very successful reign, he died, peaceful in Christian hopes, in the year 1015, universally revered and beloved.

LETTER FROM AN INDIGNANT BACHELOR.

Mr. Bonner—*Sir*:—So far as I know, the word *Tiddlepops* cannot be found in any dictionary, ancient or modern. No one of the eighty written languages, or of the three thousand six hundred oral dialects of the world, contains it. No philologist could suggest a root for it, or give any rational reason why such a meaningless combination of letters should exist. Yet it has pleased a young married couple of my acquaintance to surname their first-born *Tiddlepops.* Its Christian appellation is John, but its household name has entirely superseded the one given to it at the baptismal font.

Tiddlepops is a stout two-year old boy, of turbulent propensities, with a passion for biting and gouging, and a voice like the yell of a locomotive. His mamma, by way of impressing his youthful and ductile mind with a correct idea of the English tongue, always addresses him and refers to him in the idiotic phraseology in common use among baby-maniacs. He is set up in his high "chairy-pairy" to take his "itty lunchy-punchy," and the names of all things in heaven and earth, from the "moony-poony" to a "piggy-wiggy," are paraphrased in the same perspicuous style for his edification and instruction.

Now, in my state of single blessedness, it seems to me that all this is not merely ridiculous, but pernicious. The education of a child should, in my opinion, begin at the age of one year, and the consequences of early misteaching are much more serious and permanent than is generally supposed. Spoiled, over-petted children almost invariably become nuisances to society and to themselves, when they grow up. Probably half the capricious, vacillating, selfish and inefficient people one meets with were spoiled in their infancy. Children should be talked to as if they had the gift of reason, and were some time to exercise it as men and women. Who shall say that Tiddlepops, constantly addressed as he is in the Baby-lonish tongue, shall ever be able to pronounce properly his native language? Yours, &c., Bachelor.

HARDENING OF THE BRAIN.

Softening of the brain is not unfrequently the result of overtasking that delicate and wonderful organ. Southey, the poet, died of the disease, and it is sometimes produced by sensual excess as well as by mental labor. But according to a distinguished modern anatomist, *hardening* of the brain is more common than its opposite. Nothing can be more easy than to indurate the organ of thought. It can be done either by soaking the contents of a dead man's cranium in alcohol, or by the introduction of liquor into the skull of the living subject in the form of drams. In short, drunkenness sometimes hardens the brain during life as effectually as a bath of fourth-proof spirits could solidify it after death. Hyrth, the celebrated physiologist, declared that he could distinguish in the dark, by the resistance it offered to his knife, the brain of a drunkard from that of a person who had lived soberly; and when he found a hardened brain in the dissecting-room, was accustomed to congratulate the students in his class on obtaining a specimen so thoroughly prepared for preservation and for the purposes of demonstration.

How horrible thus to petrify, as it were, the seat of thought, the organ of the soul, while its arteries still throb with the pulses of life, and its gossamer tissues are permeated and acted upon by the immortal principle of our being. Does the inebriate ever reflect that he may be literally walling his mind out of its God-appointed home? Does he realize, as his ideas become more and more obtuse, that the instruments through which they are developed is *hardening;* that it must soon lose all flexibility and elasticity, and become utterly powerless; that were it scooped from his skull *now,* and given to the surgeons, it would be the jest of the dissecting-room as "a drunkard's brain?" Well has it been said that habitual intoxication dries up all the fountains of feeling, leaving behind only "a brain of lead and a heart of stone."

INKSHED AND BLOODSHED.

What would war be without "special correspondents." They make and unmake heroes as Warwick crowned and discrowned kings. Their inkstands are magic fountains from which that conjuring rod, the pen, evokes Glory or Shame at the will of these potential necromancers. "The bubble reputation," so fearlessly sought "at the cannon's mouth," would be deemed scarcely worth the seeking if it were not blown to all points of the compass by the puffs of "special correspondents." Unfortunately, however, these wonderful persons are not invariably exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. Most of them are fallible; some of them, if we may say so without offence, are troubled with a magnifying spirit that occasionally tempts them from the paths of Truth. But the charm of variety characterizes them as a class. It is rarely, *very* rarely, that two "specials" tell the same story. About a fortnight ago three of them stated the number of killed and wounded in a skirmish respectively as follows: 60, 200, 2,500! Such discrepancies make the daily history of the war more perplexing than luminous; so that, upon the whole, it is better to wait for the slow-footed official returns than to rely upon the private lightnings that run like *ignes fatui* over the wires from "our correspondents" at the seat of war to the papers they represent.

War is a fearful and a solemn thing—too fearful and too solemn to be made the subject of sensation letters and dispatches. The public want *facts* from the battle-field, not melo-dramatic legends with exciting headings, got up in the style of a circus bill or an electioneering poster.

SUMMER AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

If a man find this midsummer weather too hot for him, he has only to climb a few thousand feet nearer to the sun to be as cool as a cucumber on a dewy morning. It is but a step from 90° in the shade to a blanketable region, where ices are unneeded and there are no musquitos. Calculating time by temperature, as we measure distances by time, it is October at "The Notch" in the White Mountains, when it is August in New York. What a providential invention mountains are! But for the breezes that sweep down from them, people on the plains and in the valleys would exude through their own pores during the summer solstice. Blessed be the terrene protuberances on whose summits perspiration is unknown, and where a fan is as much out of place as a warming-pan at the equator! A dead level is most convenient for business purposes, but in very hot weather, a point half a mile above the surface of this "bank note world" is preferable as a sleeping place. This was no doubt Mahomet's view of the subject, when, on a certain torrid evening, he invited a mountain to visit him at Mecca, and in default of a favorable response, condescendingly went to the mountain. To be sure, it is not as hot here as in Arabia, where the red sun bursts from the desert horizon like a ball of fire, and scorching mornings usher in blazing days, yet it is quite warm enough in the dog days to make one long occasionally for a roosting place in the neighborhood of the eagles.

REMEDIES WORSE THAN DISEASES.

The human stomach is not lined with sheet iron; no, nor even with Russia leather.

This bold proposition we are prepared to maintain against the numberless host of our fellow-citizens whose actions show that they consider their stomachs to be as indestructible as patent, salamander, fire-proof safes. Not a man in a thousand seems to know that violent remedies, though they may afford a temporary relief from some diseases, yet invariably strengthen the *liability* of the system to those diseases. The worst fit of fever and ague can be broken in a day, if the patient will only take arsenic or quinine *enough;* but then the complaint comes back on the eighth day as punctually as if the body were an eight-day clock, wound up by the aforesaid arsenic or quinine. So of other diseases and remedies. The *tendency* to the disease is always increased by the powerful remedy; whereas the great point is to cure the *tendency.*

The narrative of a sad case, illustrative of this principle, lies before us, in the letter of a correspondent who solicits our advice. He is a worthy printer of Chicago, who, two summers ago, was afflicted with the complaint common at this season of the year. A fellow-workman advised him to take a small dose of morphine. In an evil moment, regretted since a thousand times, he swallowed a quarter of a grain of that powerful poison. Of course it relieved him instantly, and he went through his day's work with ease and pleasure. Fatal relief! The next day, at the hour when he had taken his pernicious dose, the symptoms of his complaint returned, and he soon felt extremely sick and miserable. He took another quarter of a grain of morphine, with precisely the same result as the first, i. e., immediate relief, succeeded by a return of his symptoms. From that day to this, he has been a bondman to morphine. He now takes twenty grains every twenty-four hours, and if he intermits his regular dose, he suffers the most excruciating agonies. He cannot work an hour unless, as he says, he is "well dosed with morphine."

This is an extreme case, but there are thousands of similar ones. Indeed, every person who *depends* upon a daily stimulant to get his daily food digested, is in a condition similar to that of our unhappy correspondent. To every one, at this season, and at all seasons, we say: Beware of strong remedies for slight disorders. Cure them by rest and diet.

With regard to such cases as the one described above, no man can cure himself without making it the chief business of several months. He must go into the country, live sparingly, take only such exercise as he can bear, and, in a word, give himself wholly up to the work of undoing the accumulated mischief of years. Rice, rest, pure air, regulated exercise, and cheerful company will cure him if anything can. But let others be warned by his misfortune.

THE AMERICRN PUMP-HANDLE MOVEMENT.

It is extremely amusing to read the comments of the English papers upon American affairs—they display such a comical kind of misapprehension. An organ of British dandyism, for example, makes itself very merry over what it calls the pump-handle movement. This is a funny specimen:

> "The American press informs us that President Lincoln has eclipsed all former Presidents in the pump-handle movement. He shakes hands, not only more enthusiastically, but more diffusely than was ever done before, even in that land of the pump-handle. It is recorded in his honor that not long ago he shook hands bodily with a whole regiment; and the minute observer who in America chronicles every action of every public man, certified that he worked the pump-handle hard, and gave each soldier a real genuine Republican squeeze. Royalty in Europe has its burdens, and, if it is wise, does not disappoint the general expectation. To go to theatres and reviews, to be punctual at every station in railway travelling, to read the despatches of long-winded officials, are penalties, and very considerable penalties, for exceptional eminence. But they are nothing to having to shake hands with a whole regiment, and to having the degree of squeezing recorded to a nicety. Nor is it the President alone who suffers in America. Every man of eminence is obliged to work the pump-handle incessantly; and every man, whether of eminence or not, is obliged to show that, if he were eminent, he would be ready to work it. This most oppressive ceremony, this last stage of unmeaning and unpleasant formality, is rigorously exacted in a country where every one thinks himself at liberty to ask every one else the most minute facts of personal history."

Query: Is this ignorance real, or is it a Cockney affectation of ignorance? Perhaps a little of both.

BABY-REGIMENTS.

What has become of those people who objected to seeing little children play with a toy-gun or a sword, lest it should develop war-like proclivities? It strikes us that they must all have gone away on a summer tour, or they would utter their philippics over the juvenile warriors one sees in squads at every street-corner, looking like blood-red flamingoes. To use a phrase more common than classic, "do their mothers know they are out?" We are constrained to admit that they not only *do* know it, but glory in the knowing; else why are so many matronly heads approbatively and admiringly thrust out of the window, as their particular Johnny or Tommy toddles out at the door, staggering under the weight of his miniature knapsack and drinking-cup; not a conscientious scruple visible in their fair happy faces, as they watch the little monkies strut up the street. How is this? Ah—papa is far away, with just such an uniform as that, and though mamma cried when he went, it was not because she would have kept him from going. That's why Johnny and Tommy are free to wear their's; *that's* why mamma has forgotten all her old scruples about "children playing soldier." Soldiers don't "play" now-a-days, and Johnny and Tommy at some future time, when they remember the father who is *now* safe and living, may have his and the nation's wrongs to right, with a stouter sword than that they now carry. Mamma thinks of this, and sits down to her work with a heavy sigh, as the little unconscious boy scampers off round the corner to join "the fellows," every one of whom is fed on bread and milk, cries for candy, and sleeps in a crib at night. Fanny Fern.

HOW HUMBUG RIDES IN A COACH.

The undertakers ought to rejoice that all the "warranted to cures" are not infallible. It would be matter of astonishment where all the quack pills and potions find gullible throats, could not all of us recal some invalid whom we have known, the monotony of whose waning existence was relieved by the faint lure each new remedy held out, and the little excitement of trying it, in the hope that it might prove after the rejected messes, *the* panacea. It is this class of people whom the warranted to cures, successively and successfully prey on. It is this class who find and furnish them brown-stone-front-houses, and clothe their servants in those aping liveries. It is this class whose ranks death thins, and fast living and tobacco so rapidly fill up again. Let not the warranted to cures then be discouraged; when their *brass* so quickly brings golden returns. Fanny Fern.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.

HUSH!

BY MARY FORREST.

Well, look into my eyes, Carl;
Look till the tears come up!
Challenge their blue with your pitiless gray,
While doubt, the cold plummet, is sinking away
To the heart's still deep;
Ay, look into my heart, Carl;
Look till the tears spring up—
But hush, have a care
For the dreamer there:
A breath or a quiver
The silence will shiver—
Hush let him sleep!

The streamlet sings as it flows, Carl;
Its pebbles lie up in the sun;
But the roll of the ocean is silent and strong,
And down in its innermost caverns belong
The snow-white pearls;
My love, like those beautiful gems, Carl,
Shall slumber away from the sun;
There, trust in me now,
Carl, turn away now,
I will not brook
That burning look
On my snow-white pearls!

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WAR PARTY.

Night was coming rapidly down over the land, and one by one the features of the surrounding country were being hidden in the general gloom.

The sparsely settled country, rendered desolate by the rude hand of war, now lay dark and silent, with no cheerful gleams of light from cottage windows to throw a peaceful ray into the darkness. Many a home had been vacated, many a hearth desolated since first the legions of the contending peoples had met in battle.

In a forest that lay about five miles up the river, a strange and wild group were assembled. High on the air a great column of smoke ascended from a bonfire that was kindled from enormous logs gathered from the forest. The flames flashed out, and their ruddy glow was reflected in the smooth surface of the river.

A score or more of Indians were around it. Some were cooking animals killed in the chase, others were examining their guns, others sharpening their knives. Others again were extended upon the ground, gazing listlessly into the fire, or with closed eyes endeavoring to sleep.

At one side five or six were gathered, talking in lazy tones to each other. At times one of them would throw new logs on the fire, whereupon the angry flames would burst out with redoubled energy, and a gush of innumerable sparks would burst upward and glisten in the dark atmosphere.

It was a weird, wild scene, the glow of the flames, the naked savages all gleaming like ruddy statues in the light of the bonfire, the solemn forest trees surrounding them, the majestic river, and the darkness and silence that reigned all around, formed altogether a striking scene.

"Our chief keeps us busy," said one.

"He has great plans."

"He is a great man."

"Where is he now?"

"In New York."

"Are we to stay here to-night?"

"Who knows?"

"I think not," said one burly savage.

"Why?"

"Because I saw Gondo two hours ago, and he told me to have the boats ready."

"Why did you not say so before?"

"What's the use? Let us rest till we are called."

"The great blow will soon be struck," said one of the first speakers.

"Yes—Gondo says the hour is near."

"What vengeance we will take on the pale faces!"

"We will live to see them ruined, and our lands restored."

"These pale faces will ruin themselves without our help. When they fight they kill by thousands."

"More pale faces have come from beyond the sea to fight the English. Many ships, they say, have come."

"The better for the Indian. Let them fight. What matters it to us who beats, so long as their blood is shed."

"Let them fight, and welcome to all who help them."

Loud shouts now arose from the other side of the open space.

A number of burly warriors had rushed forward and commenced a hideous, barbaric dance. They threw themselves into the wildest attitudes. They shouted and screamed, and high above all other sounds the dread war-whoop rang out on the startled air. All the recumbent warriors caught the infection; one by one they started to their feet, until at last all joined in the war-dance. At length all were exhausted, and after this ebulition of savage excitement they sought rest once more.

"Gondo is a mighty chief," said one of the warriors.

"He has the blood of the pale face in his veins, but he loves the Indians best."

"He hates the pale face as much as we do."

"Pale face!" cried one younger warrior. "I did not know that Gondo had the blood of the pale faces."

"It is true," said an elder warrior. "You are young among us—I will tell you if you wish to know."

"I wish to know. Tell me, Tomawa."

"Forty years ago a pale face hunter strayed into our camp. He was lost in the woods. We gave him shelter. We were a mighty people then.

"He lived in the tent of the chief. The chief had a daughter as lovely as the stars of Heaven. The pale face saw her and loved her. She, too, loved the pale face, for he was a brave warrior, and such a man as a woman might love.

"The chief loved the pale face, and was glad. So he married the chief's daughter. He lived with us a year. He went out on our war parties. He was brave, and we honored him.

"At the end of that time his heart turned back to his own home. He returned and left his wife with us, for she did not want to go from her tribe. He stayed away long. His Indian wife found that he had a pale face wife at home—her soul grew sad, and she drooped like a flower blighted by the frost.

"At the end of a year the pale face returned to the camp. We were glad to see him. We did not care if he had twenty pale face wives, but the chief's daughter could not forget this. She died soon from grief.

"Gondo was her son. His father took him home, and sent him to great places where the pale faces learn all wonders and mysteries. So he knew as much as the pale faces. But the pale faces shunned him, for they said he was the son of a second wife, and a second wife is an abomination among the pale faces.

"His father could not take him to his own house for the same reason.

"But Gondo cared nothing for this. He learned all that the pale faces could teach. But his heart was here. In his youth he would come among us whenever he could, and at last, when the old chief died, he came to us altogether. We made him our chief then, for he is a man of wonder—a great medicine man—an orator, and the bravest of the brave."

While the warriors were eagerly discussing the peculiar reasons why Gondo was not admitted into his father's house, a cry was raised, and Gondo himself stood before them.

"Warriors," he cried, "we go up the river to-night."

Instantly every man started to his feet.

"Warriors! the time is coming when we will see the reward of our labors. The pale faces have covered the land, and driven us off from our fathers' graves. We have been pushed away into other hunting grounds. The pale face is hateful to us, and we long for revenge.

"We have had some revenge, warriors. I have led you for some moons, backward and forward, and we have fought and conquered; all who fell into our hands have been slain. None have escaped to tell of us. No one knows of us. We kill as many as we find.

"Warriors! all this is but the beginning of a great slaughter. The English king, who loves the Indians, will soon be master in this land again. A great chief of the Americans will give up to him his fort, and the English braves will enter in. Then the whole land will be theirs.

"Warriors! then the English king will say, 'Strike,' and we can rush in and take vengeance. All the pale faces whom we meet will be our prey. We need not make any difference among them.

"We will follow the English braves and kill, burn, and destroy. We will pay these pale faces for all the wrongs that they have heaped on us.

"We will slay them by hundreds. Their blood shall flow every where. The land shall become a desert.

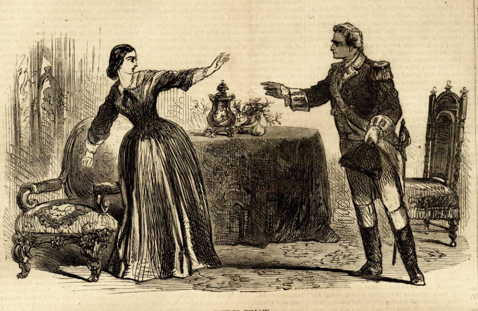
"I have spoken."

Gondo ceased. He had uttered these words in fierce and stern tones, which awoke bloodthirsty passions in every heart.

Loud screams and shouts followed this harangue. The warriors brandished their knives, or waved their guns in the air.

"Haste warriors!" said Gondo, "we must go."

He departed with long strides. The others followed. Soon all was silent, and the flames illumined a deserted scene.



A BAFFLED VILLAIN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VOYAGE.

Clara prepared for the journey in silence. Weighed down by a thousand anxieties, she could scarcely wait for the long hours to pass. The one great desire to see her lover and bid him farewell absorbed her thoughts. As she thought of his desperate position, his implacable enemies, and his utter friendlessness, her soul sank within her.

Uly assisted her in silence also. At last they were all prepared. Clara sat upon a couch. Uly sat on a stool at her feet. Taking her hand she looked fixedly into her eyes.

"You have a great purpose, child—so have I."

"You, Uly?"

"Yes, child."

Uly was calm, no agitation displayed itself in her. Clara would have wondered what great purpose Uly could have had she not been so troubled herself; as it was, she had no thought but for Temple.

"You are going with Gondo?"

"Yes."

"He is a bad man."

"I know it."

"He loves you."

"Unfortunately he does."

"He is desperate, malicious and revengeful."

"All that, and more too."

"And yet I told you to go."

"I know you did."

"And you go?"

"I will."

"Do you trust Uly, child?"

"Unto death," said Clara.

A tear glistened in Uly's eye. It was the first trace of emotion that Clara had ever seen in her.

"You are safe, child," said Uly. "I will tell you."

She smoothed Clara's hands in that tender, loving way peculiar to her, and went on.

"Gondo will have several boats. In one of them will be a man who is going as far as we do; you know him—he is Major André."

"André!" cried Clara with joy.

A great load was taken off her mind. Now her own safety was sure, for well she knew that he would shed the last drop of blood from his noble heart, rather than let a hair of her head be injured.

"There is one thing that you must promise, dear child."

"What is it?"

"Not to breathe a word to André about your reasons for going."

"Why not?" said Clara in deep surprise.

"I have a purpose," said Uly, "and it is for that purpose that I ask you to keep it a secret. You will do so for my sake, will you not, child?"

"I will, Uly—that, and far more."

"Thanks. That is all I ask. He will be curious to know what it is. Tell him that it is private business. He will also be anxious to know what has become of Captain Temple. Evade his questions—tell him Captain Temple has a new appointment."

"Yes," said Clara in dolorous tones.

"If he knew all, he could do nothing in time to save Temple. My purpose is to save Temple—and I have another thing to do also."

She was silent. Clara lost herself in her own gloomy thoughts. The time dragged slowly away, until it seemed as though the hour of departure would never come.

At last the welcome rap was heard at the door. Uly and Clara both sprang at the sound. They opened the door and Gondo entered.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"We are."

"Hasten then, for there is no time to lose."

They soon reached the place of embarkation.

"Follow me closely," said Uly.

A man was seated in the stern of the nearest boat. He was wrapped in a heavy cloak. Uly quickly stepped into this and Clara followed, sitting close by the man.

The light of the torches which some of the men bore flamed up, disclosing the face of Clara.

The man in the cloak uttered a joyous cry of recognition, and exclaimed:

"You here! and on such a journey!"

"Major André!" said Clara, in unfeigned delight.

The sound of their voices brought Gondo to the scene. Rage flashed across his face.

"The other boat is your's Miss Wells."

"Pooh," said André, "what are you talking about. Do you suppose I will allow myself to be denied such pleasant company."

Gondo ground his teeth with rage.

"This boat stops at the Vulture."

"What if it does?" said André, calmly.

Gondo could say nothing, so he smothered his rage and tried to make the best of his disappointment.

Soon the boats put out from the shore, and yielding to the strong strokes of Gondo's Indians, they passed swiftly up the river. These men could use the oar as well as the paddle, for Gondo had trained them to many of the arts and practices of the whites.

André was evidently very curious to know what cause could induce Clara to undertake this voyage; but mindful of the promise to Uly, she evaded his questions and led him to think it was some family affair.

"I half believe," said he with a laugh, "that you are a little traitor; but I am very glad that my good fortune has sent you as fellow-passenger."

"And without flattery I can say the same," said Clara; "for I am afraid of these Indians, and Gondo more than all."

"Gondo—why he is faithful. Is he not? Your alarm is unreasonable."

"I am very much alarmed, and with reason," said Clara.

"He would not think of injuring you."

"He would be too ready to do so."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so too well."

"If you are so afraid, why did you come?"

"I was compelled to," said Clara, sadly.

"At any rate you are safe as long as I am near, and I will see that you arrive safely."

"Will you? Oh how thankful I am. For after you leave the vessel, my danger will begin."

"I cannot believe that there is danger; but I will put you beyond the reach even of fear. I will have you sent to the shore in the Vulture's boat."

"You are too generous. How can I ever repay you?"

"By thinking kindly of me when I am gone," said André, in pensive tones.

"When you are gone!" repeated Clara.

"I am filled with mournful presentiments. I am convinced that some evil is in store for me. I may reason against this feeling, but reason is powerless to shake it off."

"You are gloomy to-night, that is all. It is a passing depression of spirits. It will leave you by morning."

"I fear not. I have had it for some days. I feel as though I will never again see the green fields and hedge-rows of dear old England; never more hear the voices of my friends, my mother, my sisters, and my love."

"You are indeed dispirited."

"I have been exposed to dangers before, in the field and on the flood, I have languished in sickness, and I have fought in battle, but I have never before experienced the heavy weight of coming misfortune that now I feel."

André tried to change the conversation to a more cheerful tone. He seemed to take a deep delight in all that Clara said, he listened to the sound of her voice with mournful pleasure.

"You are like my youngest sister," said André; "you send my thoughts home far away. When you speak, I am again in the familiar house where I was born."

Long years after, Clara looked back and recalled his mournful tones, his tender manner, and the almost childlike fondness of his expressions.

André was true to his promise; and when he reached the Vulture, in spite of the remonstrances of Gondo, whom he sternly ordered to be silent, he sent the Vulture's boat ashore, under a flag of truce, to Arnold's house with Clara and Uly.

Mrs. Arnold was surprised and overjoyed to see her dear friend Clara, who saw with pain that her face was marked with deeper melancholy than it had ever worn before.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TRIAD.

It was the twentieth of September.

Arnold had risen early from his unquiet couch, where he had tossed restlessly all through that sleepless night, distracted with a thousand thoughts and fears. He was on the brink of a pit of endless infamy, and the influences of the coming woe already overshadowed his soul.

He was aroused by a rap at his chamber door. Opening it he saw Gondo.

"Come in."

Gondo entered.

"Well?"

"All right."

"Did he come?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"On board."

"I wonder if he got the note?"

"The one you sent on board?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yes, he got that, I saw it. You promised to go on board to-day."

"That's the note."

"And are you going?"

"No."

"I thought it was a rash adventure to think of. The time has not yet come," continued Gondo, with peculiar emphasis, "when a British man-of-war will be the safest place for you."

His words thrilled to the heart of Arnold. He said nothing, but for a moment was filled with deep emotion.

"It's too late to go back now at any rate," said he.

"I hope you are not thinking of such a thing."

"Oh, no."

"It would be no matter if you did think of it, you could do nothing now. It's too late."'

"Yes. I am committed to this course."

"You are—for good or evil."

"Evil I fear."

"It will be evil if you suffer your courage to fail now."

"My courage cannot fail," said Arnold, proudly. "Did you ever hear of Pilate's wife? She said to her husband, 'Have nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream this night because of him.' I am like Pilate, and thus my wife looks at me, though she says nothing."

"Does she know?"

"She knows nothing. Not a shade of evil has ever darkened her pure spirit. But my evil genius casts its shadow over her. She suspects—she knows not what. She looks in mute appeal at me, and lives in a kind of awful suspense."

"Do you talk in your sleep?"

"No. Nor do I show any signs of my thoughts. My nerves are iron. I feel no sorrow, no fear."

"Then, for Heaven's sake have done with these gloomy thoughts. What will you do about that letter?"

"I will be prevented from going on board to-day."

"You must have some excuse."

"I have a good one."

"What?"

"This court martial."

"Oh, yes, Captain Temple. That is an all-sufficient reason. How fortunate in every way it was that these proceedings were begun against him. You may thank me for that."

"Yes, and for many other things also," said Arnold. "You have been able to influence my life very largely. Had it not been for you, I doubt very much whether this could have been carried on."

"It was the 'Triad' that gave you security, despatch, absolute safety, and power."

"It was. And now, for the life of me, I don't know whether to curse the 'Triad' or not."

"The time for blessing it or cursing it has not yet come."

"But the time of cursing it will one day come, as sure as I live."

"Probably. But suppose we change this cheerful conversation. What time does the court sit?"

"At nine."

Clara knew soon enough how close at hand was the trial of Harry Temple. The stern court martial, a name ever associated in her mind with relentless vengeance and prompt punishment, was to be the tribunal at which he should appear.

The time at last arrived.

Harry was a trifle paler, owing to imprisonment and anxiety, but conscious innocence supported him.

General Arnold presided. Other officers were present.

Harry looked around among them all in hopes that he might find some among them who would be of assistance in this sore distress. In vain. No face was there that showed sympathy—no man from whom assistance was possible.

He looked at the presiding officer with a glance that read his very soul.

He knew that Arnold was a traitor, and was even then engaged in treasonable correspondence with the enemy. But he had not a single definite thing which could be designated against him. Under the circumstances, he could not make a charge. The guilt of Arnold was known to him, but it was vast and undefined. It was not possible for him to state to the world wherein that guilt lay.

He had one chance which had been lost forever.

If he had told all to Washington at the beginning, confessing his love for Clara, his anxiety, and his exploit in the garden, he might have settled the guilt on the right one. Even that appeared doubtful, however.

All eyes were fixed on him. He was a natural object of interest. His noble form and handsome face, his martial air, and keen, bold eye, all excited admiration. Compassion was felt for the misfortune of so promising a youth, who thus, by his indiscretion, had been drawn into the most abhorrent crimes.

Among those present Harry saw Gondo, his malevolent eyes gleaming with evil triumph, and his dark features wreathed into a sneer.

"What a fine copy for a devil's face," thought Harry, as he looked at Gondo.

Then his thoughts reverted to Clara. Where was she? Doubtless at New York. Perhaps at that moment she was thinking of him, all unconscious of his danger. What would he not give to see her once more? If that could be gained, he would die content.

"Ah, Clara," he sighed, "our intercourse has been but little. How many troubles have separated us. Strange differences that rose from nothing, clouds that came from I know not where—these have all beset us, filling us with grief—and now, when our love and trust is firm, and beyond the reach of change or coldness, a greater sorrow than all is falling upon us. Yet since life is denied me, in death I will be faithful."

Remarks were passed freely around among the crowd.

They admired his manly beauty, his unruffled face, his firm demeanor, his unfaltering glance.

Arnold himself could not endure his severe scrutiny. Perjured guilt was brought face to face with stainless innocence, and could not endure the ordeal.

"Poor fellow! how nobly he bears himself!" said one.

"It was a black day for him when he first commenced a double game."

"He was led into it by that king of traitors, the infamous old Tory, Wells."

"How so?"

"He is in love with his daughter."

"Ah, I see——"

"And of course a young fellow in that position can be led to do anything."

"Poor fellow! perhaps he wasn't so much to blame, after all."

"No; without doubt that hoary-headed old miscreant, Wells, has done all this, that is now charged against this poor young fellow."

"Where is Wells now?"

"They say he's safe in New York."

"Pray Heaven that he may stay there till we capture the city. We can then teach him a lesson that he will be apt to remember."

"They served him about right in Philadelphia."

"Yes, only they ought to have wound up the day's proceedings by a good hemp rope."

Thus the remarks of the crowd were freely interchanged, and while some believed him innocent, all felt deeply for his misfortunes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONDEMNATION.

Under such circumstances as these the court martial was opened.

The charges against him were made, and the proofs one by one unfolded.

First there was insubordination. This was plain and intelligible. He had received orders to go by land, and he had gone by water. To this he could say nothing. He endeavored to excuse himself by affirming that he thought it was of little consequence which way he went so long as he took the dispatches, but this excuse was plainly not to be listened to for a moment.

Then followed the case of his fight with the two boats. This story made a sensation in the court. The feat was an extraordinary one, and the hero of it excited both sympathy and admiration. The feeling was all in his favor, for they did not wish to believe that these boatmen were Americans, since it was unpatriotic to think that Americans could be beaten so easily.

Some of the boatmen, however, were brought forward, and these men swore positively that they were Americans, and stationed as guards; that they sailed out peacefully, and were unexpectedly fired upon, which accounted for the easy victory that Temple had gained.

This changed the tide of feeling again. If these were unarmed men taken at a disadvantage, it was evident that Temple's act was not heroic, but piratical.

Harry was overwhelmed with consternation. He did not know what to say. Everything seemed to be turned against him. He could only state facts as they were, but what could that effect against witnesses who were ready to swear to anything and everything, in a court where the judge was Benedict Arnold.

The support which he had derived from his innocence grew weaker. He saw how easily his innocence could be overthrown. He stood aghast at the fearful prospects.

Then followed his visit to the British vessel.

People who had seen him from the shore gave testimony against him. They had seen him voluntarily sail up to the British vessel, and assist the lady in. After his companions had got on board he followed himself, without any apparent reluctance.

Harry grew desperate, but he did all that he could: that is, he told the story exactly as it was. But the story was laughed at. As if a British officer would be so wonderfully sensitive, so marvellously chivalrous as to make these nice distinctions between a man who travelled as a soldier, and one who travelled as an escort to the ladies.

The story was heartily laughed at, and quizzical remarks were made on every side.

It was evidently felt to be an unpardonable thing for the bearer of dispatches to visit the enemy, and hold intercourse with them, while those dispatches were in his possession. Who would believe that those despatches had been untouched. It was impossible for Harry to convince them that the whole affair was not one premeditated piece of treachery.

There was no other way in which the judges could account for the transaction. Harry's explanation was so unheard of, so extravagant, that it only served to make his case far worse than before. A bad defence is much more injurious than none. The attention to his convenience which they had shown in landing him near the general's quarters, also had its weight in the array of testimony, and showed that there must have been some friendship between Temple and his entertainers in the war vessel.

Lastly his journey to Philadelphia, and his reports about the "Triad" were brought forward, and it was mentioned as a strange coincidence that young Poole should have been killed just as he was going through. It was thought a very singular thing that he should venture alone through such a country and escape unscathed.

Long before the evidence had been gone through, Harry had given all up for lost. The charges against him and the proofs showed a persevering hate, and a patient desire for vengeance that was amazing. He was thunderstruck. Who could be so relentless an enemy. Whom had he injured so as to fill him with such hate.

There was Gondo—chief witness and head persecutor—but he had never injured Gondo. On the contrary he had always supposed him to be a friend. From what cause had he now turned so fiercely against him?

Finding condemnation inevitable, the high soul of the young man rose up superior to misfortune. He determined not to be cast down, but to maintain a resolute and dignified manner. He was not afraid of death, and if his enemies wanted his life, he was determined that they should not find any triumph in his weakness or his fears.

At length the deliberations were all ended.

The prisoner was found guilty, and condemned to death. The time, however, was not decided upon.

Arnold suggested the propriety of carrying the sentence into immediate execution. But the others were averse to this. As Washington would return in a few days, they thought that the importance of the case, the high standing of the condemned, all demanded that the execution should be delayed at least until his return.

As Arnold had nothing to gain or to lose personally by this, he was able to be impartial; it was a matter of complete indifference when or how the prisoner died, so he consented to the deferring of the execution.

The sentence was then formally announced, and the court adjourned. The spectators dispersed, and Harry was led back to prison.

To him the whole affair seemed like a dream. The idea of his being condemned to death as a traitor, seemed incredible. But by slow degrees the horrible truth penetrated his mind.

"Farewell," he cried, as he looked through the grating of his window out upon the glorious river scene. "Farewell light, life, liberty, hope, and happiness. Farewell, oh, my love!"

Overwhelmed by all his sorrows, together with a sense of utter loneliness and desertion, he yielded without resistance to the tide of grief that now rolled in upon him.

CHAPTER XXX.

"GET THEE BEHIND ME."

Early on the morning after Clara's arrival at Arnold's house, Uly disappeared mysteriously, and could not be found.

She had gone to Clara's room while the fair young girl lay in troubled sleep. There she fondled her, and gently kissing her pale brow, she departed. Clara searched after her in all directions, but she could not be found.

This mysterious being had excited Clara's wonder ever since she had known her, but her curiosity was completely baffled. She felt a strange, deep love for the singular being, but why or how it arose she could not tell.

But alarm and grief for Harry Temple drove from her mind her thoughts of Uly. There was no peace for her now, while Harry's fate hung in such fearful suspense.

Mrs. Arnold still showed for Clara the same affection as before.

On the morning of the day of trial, Clara wandered about the house seeking to soothe her disquieted mind. Entering Mrs. Arnold's room, she found her passionately weeping over her child.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked Clara.

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Arnold, with a weary smile. "I give way so to my foolish feelings, that I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"It is a world of sorrow," said Clara, sadly.

"Ah me, there is little to hope for in this life."

"All suffer in these fearful times," said Clara, sadly. "We have fallen upon evil days."

Mrs. Arnold sighed painfully. Could it be that she knew all? Clara herself knew too much, and the face of Arnold the traitor seemed to her like that of a fallen angel. She sought to cheer her unhappy friend with that delicate friendship and tender sympathy which were the noble qualities of a heart like hers.

Clara avoided altogether the subject of the trial. It was painful to think of, and far more so to speak of. Here was the real traitor sitting in mock judgment over the one whom he had falsely accused, and she well knew that Arnold only could save him from unmerited punishment. But was it possible that Arnold would? He could only do it by confessing his own guilt, and to a man like him that was impossible.

"How beautiful the river is," said Clara. "Look! the British schooner lies there, with her tall masts defined against the sky above the opposite shore."

Mrs. Arnold looked, and shuddered when she saw the schooner.

No consolation, no comfort was possible to that tortured soul. Clara sat in silence, and thought that her own sorrows, hard as they were, could not be compared to those of her friend.

Wearily and mournfully she passed the day. The hours seemed interminable. But at last, toward evening, she saw the figure of Gondo at the door. Even he seemed welcome now, for he could rid her of suspense.

He entered the room where she was, and greeted her.

"It is my sad fate," said he, "to be most attracted to that place where I am least welcome."

Clara did not reply.

"I bring bad news."

"Bad news!" repeated Clara, with terrible fears.

"Yes—the worst."

"What is it?" said she, with forced calmness.

"He is condemned."

"Condemned! condemned!" she cried. She stretched out her arms wildly. Hope had fled. She sank down to despair, crushed and broken-hearted.

"Leave me! leave me!" she murmured, after a pause.

"Not till I have told you of a remedy."

"A remedy?" said she; "what remedy can there be?"

She looked at him with fixed eyes, unutterably mournful yet tearless.

"His punishment will not take place till Washington returns."

"Not till then? Oh, then I will be able to see him once more!"

"Yes, and to save him."

"Save him! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say."

"How?"

"His prison doors can be unbarred. He can be loosed from his dungeon and his bonds. Say but the word——"

"You mock me."

"On my soul I do not. The jailer is a creature of mine, who will do what I tell him."

Clara regarded Gondo for a moment with unutterable scorn and loathing. She could not suppress these feelings, nor did she try to do so.

"I know you well. I know who has hounded on the officers of the law. I know the perjured witness, the false friend, the lying traitor who has sworn away the life of his trusting friend; I know him and I see him. Do you think I am so much of an idiot as to be deceived by the false words of one like you? Do you hope to catch me with your abhorrent proposals? Go, go; you are more detestable than ever."

Gondo rose, trembling with rage.

"I go," said he; "I came in love, but I will return in revenge."

She did not deign to reply, or even to look at him.

He departed, and left her alone.

Then she fled to her room. There all her feelings burst forth unrestrained.

"Condemned! condemned!" she repeated; "condemned! condemned!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

THE RECOGNITION;

OR,

STRANGELY MET, FIERCELY GREETED.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

I had slightly wounded a young buffalo cow, and the frightened animal, as if possessed of supernatural endurance, had led me a long and exciting chase over the undulating plain—now stopping and angrily pawing the greensward, until I had almost reached within pistol shot of her, and then bounding away again—again to halt and tempt me on in hot pursuit.

Thus mile after mile had intervened between me and the island grove, where I had left my travelling companions, preparing for the long day's journey which lay before us; and my spirited little half-breed beginning to show signs of overwork, I drew rein, and abandoning the useless race, looked about me for my bearings back to our stopping-place.

The morning was lowering, and the dark clouds, hanging in heavy masses upon the close horizon, threatened a wild storm; and in my sudden dash after the wounded cow I had taken no note of the landmarks surrounding our temporary encampment.

Around me, as far as vision could stretch, lay the wide Texan prairie, dotted here and there with those beautiful, garden-like clumps of vine-woven trees, called in the vernacular of the country "*mots*," and which so much resembling each other in the distance, make it so easy for the unaccustomed traveller, when once out of the beaten trail, to lose his way.

I had but little idea of the distance that lay between me and my friends, nor of the time that had elapsed since I had left them. I could judge only of these by the effect my rapid ride had had upon my horse, who was panting violently from his extraordinary exertion.

Giving him a few moments to breathe the freshening breeze that came soughing over the swells, I led him to the highest ground near me, and took another sweeping survey over the plain. A sea of waving grass rolled in gentle undulations between me and the dark horizon, rapidly closing nearer and darker about me; while the scattered islets momently assumed a darker hue, and cast gloomy shadows about them. But the grove where we had bivouacked during the previous night was not perceptible, or, if seen, it was not distinguishable among the many similar spots that lay on all sides of me.

I was confused, and knew not which way to direct my course; but trusting to the superior instinct of my native horse, I waited till he had recovered his wind, and springing again to the saddle, gave him a free rein. I had no doubt he would carry me safely back, either to our camping-place, or to the trail we had been travelling the day before.

For some distance the overtasked animal moved along in a slow walk, with drooping head, and ears swinging nervelessly back and forth with every motion of his body; but as the clouds gathered closer down upon us, threatening to disgorge their contents of rain and wind upon us, he quickened his pace, and in a few moments, as if fearing the fury of the approaching storm, and forgetful of all weariness, broke into a long, rocking gallop, straight for an island of timber that lay about a mile distant.

As we neared this promising shelter, the neigh of a mustang was borne toward me, on the rising wind. The cry was answered to by my own horse, who quickened his gait; and as he dashed rapidly toward the mot, my eyes were gladdened by the familiar sight of smoke rising in broken puffs among the trees.

I doubted not that I was about to rejoin my friends, and giving a loud shout, I pressed my heels to my gallant nag, and dashed toward the camp.

But scarcely had I reached the edge of the foliage, than I was startled by a fierce voice, which abruptly cried out:

"*Stop! come no nearer!*"

And at the same instant, ere I could check my headlong speed, the sharp crack of a rifle rang among the trees. I heard the hissing of a bullet—a half-smothered "thud"—and then I felt myself thrown violently to the ground, beneath the lifeless body of my poor, brave little half-breed.

The bullet had reached his heart, and the gallant beast, that for months had borne me safely through the swamps and rivers, over the wide prairies, and through the tangled forests of Texas, lay dead upon me, while his hot blood was bathing my face and nearly blinding me.

Instantly drawing my revolver from my bosom, where I had thrust it during the chase, I endeavored to wipe the blood from my eyes, and struggled with all my force to free my left leg from the crushing weight of my horse, determined to sell my life at as dear a rate as possible. But I found myself securely confined, with my foot firmly held by the stirrup iron, which had been bent upon it by the fall.

Desperate with the unseen danger that beset me in this defenceless position, I made another powerful effort, and almost lifted the body of my horse clear from the ground, and would have freed my leg, but at this moment I felt a heavy hand laid upon my arm, and with a sudden wrench the only weapon I possessed was torn from my grasp, and I was again dashed to the ground.

"Philip Watson, why do you seek me here? Have you not had enough of me, that you must hunt me so far from home?" hoarsely demanded the same fierce voice which had so suddenly arrested my attention at first.

With difficulty I turned my head in the direction from whence these words came; and never, while I have my reason, shall I forget the strange, wild object that met my gaze!

There stood, not three feet from me, and eyeing me with the gleaming, wavering stare of a madman, the most frightful creature I had ever encountered. It seemed scarcely human, but more resembled some terrible monster, conjured up amid the phantasms of a fevered dream, than a reality. It was an embodiment of a fearful nightmare, and for a moment I doubted not I was struggling with a terrible vision of the night. But the crushing weight upon my leg, the warm blood still streaming slowly from the breast of my horse, and a wild, almost infernal, "*Ha! ha! ha!*" from the grinning wretch as he stooped over me, brandishing a long, ugly knife in one hand, while in the other he clutched the cocked revolver he had snatched from me, recalled me to the real horrors of my situation.

I was alone and helpless with a raving maniac, whose intention doubtless was to murder me!

Again I struggled to free myself, and in the almost superhuman effort I made I nearly stripped the flesh from my foot and leg; but I succeeded in recovering an upright position, and eagerly sprang to the cover of a tree, looking hurriedly about me for a club or any weapon by which I might defend myself from the attack of the madman.

With another maniacal shout of laughter that rang wildly through the grove, my fierce assailant, throwing away the pistol, leaped towards the tree which I had placed between us, and struck furiously on each side of it, as I endeavored to avoid the thrusts. Finding it impossible to escape the keen point of the knife, I fled from the spot in terror, hoping to elude him by superior speed of running. But scarcely had I taken half a dozen steps when I found it impossible, from the injury I had received in the fall, to proceed; and turning suddenly upon my pursuer, I dashed him violently to the ground, and endeavored to hobble back to the body of the tree I had left.

On the way my foot struck against the pistol the madman had cast from him. Eagerly I snatched it from the ground, and turning upon the wretch, who, having recovered his feet, still pursued me, I levelled it upon him. I would have fired, and sent the leaden contents of one of its barrels through the fellow's brain, had he not, with the instinctive cunning and prudence of all madmen, sought the shelter of another tree, which completely covered his body.

At this moment the wild storm that had been gathering its forces, burst suddenly upon us, first in a terrific tornado that swept fiercely over the prairies, and with the roar of an ocean gale breaking in wrath upon a rocky shore, tore madly through the little clump of timber, scattering the branches, and whirling the tree-tops in a mass of tangled ruins about us; and then rushing with a hissing sound over the yielding grass of the plain beyond, went howling and raving on its way. Then for an instant there was a sudden pause in the tempest, when the fierce laughter of the maniac filled the grove, as if he exulted in this wild commotion of the elements; then a darker cloud gathered close down upon the spot, almost touching the mutilated tops of the old trees, and making an almost midnight obscurity beneath them.

So dark had it become, that even the tree behind which my dreaded enemy was lurking could not be perceived. But I knew by the unearthly shouts of maniacal laughter that continually rang upon the silent air, that he was not stealthily approaching me.

While I was intently peering out through the darkness, in the direction where I had last seen him, a sudden, blinding flash of lightning, accompanied by an instantaneous crash of thunder, leaped, as it seemed, from the very branches over my head, and with a sharp, crackling hiss, darted like a fiery serpent down the bole of the very tree behind which I knew the madman had been crouching. I had a glimpse of flying splinters, and the rent and torn trunk of the oak, and then, blinded and shocked by the near explosion of the thunderbolt, fell powerless to the ground.

The electric current had passed harmlessly beyond me, but I knew that such had not been the case with the maniac, for the wild laughter had been suddenly checked, and all was now hushed and still as the silence of death.

This, however, continued only for a moment, and then, with a roaring sound, came a tempest of hail and rain, that beat furiously among the broken branches, and quickly flooded the ground at the roots of the tree, to which I still clung for the little shelter it afforded from the merciless pelting of the icy pellets.

It was only a few moments, however, before the storm subsided. The low, angry growlings of the thunder died sullenly away in the distance. The wind tempest continued, but it had quit the surface of the plain, and was now careering wildly in the upper regions of the atmosphere, rolling the black clouds into huge masses upon each other, and drifting them rapidly beyond the horizon. Soon the darkness passed gradually away, and the warm, bright rays of the sun streamed fitfully but cheeringly through the rifts of the flying vapors.

I do not think that I am a coward, for I have been in circumstances of imminent danger, where what is termed physical courage alone carried me safely through. And after all, that species of bravery which carries the soldier into the focus of the battle, and bears him unscathed where others shrink, is only a natural callousness to danger, and not a moral virtue, highly as it has ever been the fashion to applaud it.

I believe I possess this callousness in a high degree, under peculiar circumstances, but I am free to confess there was always something awfully fearful in the thoughts of a struggle with a raving madman, with deadly weapons in his hands, and he fiercely bent on the destruction of human life!

I have, single-handed and unassisted, met the attack of the active, catlike panther, and have felt the merciless hug of the wounded grizzly, but with far less fear than I have looked upon a fellow being deprived of reason, who, in one of his terrible paroxysms of madness, was about to leap upon me.

It was, therefore, with trembling cautiousness that I moved away from the shelter of the friendly tree, and reconnoitered the spot where I had last seen my maniacal adversary.

At first he was nowhere to be seen; but carefully passing round the roots of the lightning-shattered oak, I perceived his form stretched breathless upon the partially flooded sward, while a ragged oaken splinter lay across his naked, sunburnt breast, with a sharp point projecting deeply beneath the matted curls of his hair.

The wretch I knew was now harmless, and I doubted not the thunderbolt that had riven the stout live oak, had also deprived him of life. Bending over the half nude object, I drew the rough wood from the temple, where it had been buried. A jet of warm arterial blood followed its removal, and I was satisfied that the subtile fiend had left him untouched, and that he had been struck senseless by the falling splinter.

Dipping my hands in the cool, fresh water that stood in puddles about us, I bathed the rough, bearded face and pulseless breast, and endeavored to arrest the flood of hemorrhage that spurted hotly from the wound.

My efforts were not in vain; for after the loss of much blood, I succeeded, with a compress, in arresting it; and placing my finger on the carotid, I could perceive a slight fluttering of the artery, which showed that there was yet sufficient of the vital tide left for resuscitation. My late terror was now turned to compassion, as the poor, helpless creature lay before me; and taking him in my arms, I bore him a little distance, to where I found a snug and neatly arranged encampment, and laying him carefully beneath a sheltering vine, I busied myself with his recovery.

While thus engaged I took a hurried survey of the locality. It had evidently been occupied for several weeks, and the order and completeness of the wounded man's temporary abode, convinced me that he was not at all times the raving maniac he had just before shown himself, but that his might be that peculiar madness that made its visitations periodically, or was induced by certain atmospheric influences; and I doubted not the great loss of blood, relieving the cerebral congestion, might restore him to reason. With this hope, I continued my efforts, till at length the circulation was restored, and opening his eyes, he gazed languidly in my face.

It was as I had hoped; for the strange, wild fire of insanity had gone out from them—only a surprised and inquiring expression remained. He was now weak and helpless as an infant, for the fierce energy of madness had left him; and making a vain attempt to rise, he feebly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am a friend!" I answered, "and I will remain with you till your recovery."

"A friend! then you are *not* Philip—Philip—Watson! I must have had a terrible dream. But thank Heaven, it's gone!" and closing his eyes again, the wounded man remained silent; and soon I perceived by the gentle and regular heaving of his breast, that he had sunk into a soft and refreshing slumber.

As he lay thus before me, my thoughts were busy with the scenes of the past; for despite the long, tangled beard that fell over his throat and naked breast, and the uncombed masses of black, curling hair, spread in disorder about his face, and upon the blanket on which I placed him, I fancied I had met him before, under far different circumstances. I recalled the tones of his voice, as he had last addressed me, and was confident they had once been familiar to me. Stooping over him I carefully lifted the blood moistened hair from his forehead. It was a high, manly feature—that of the educated and refined person, and I instantly recognized it. The sleeper—the raving maniac, whose life, less than an hour before, I would have taken, to save my own, was none other than a once beloved, but long lost associate of my boyhood—my cousin Newton Gorham! Yes! I was certain of it, for there upon the edge of that noble forehead, was a peculiar scar, which years ago, in some one of our boyish pranks, I had accidentally caused. I remembered it well—there could be no mistake.

It was years ago when we had parted. I to become a wanderer on the sea, and he to go to a neighboring city to acquire a profession, in which he bid fair to excel, for he was possessed of brilliant talents.

Once I returned to my old home, on a brief visit. Newton was not there; and then it was I learned that he had fled the country, and it was supposed had sought refuge somewhere in the south.

He had been concerned in a duel with a fellow student, who had falsely traduced my cousin to a young lady, to whom he, Newton, was under engagement of marriage, and in consequence of the falsehood of Philip Watson, the match had been broken. It was supposed that he had killed his antagonist, and without having an opportunity to explain, he was forced to fly.

The calumniator recovered after a painful and lingering illness, during which he planned a bitter revenge. By some means he contrived to ascertain the retreat of my cousin, and caused a report to reach him of his perfect recovery, and his own marriage to the object of Newton's love.

This much of his history I had learned on that only visit to our old home, and I had also learned that Mary Warren had been convinced of the truth and worthiness of her lover, and remained faithful to his memory, praying and hoping, year after year, for his return.

All these old memories came back upon me as I sat there, and watched the waking of my recovered friend, so long lost, and now so strangely found. Such are some of the wonderful changes and events of our lives. Truth is sometimes far stranger even than the wildest inventions of fiction; and there are romances of real life of rarer interest than any ever created by the pen of genius.

Three months after the extraordinary meeting above related, Newton Gorham and myself landed from a New York steamer upon the shores of our old New England home. Old friends joyfully recognized us, and warmly welcomed us back to the old familiar scenes of our boyhood. Many changes had occurred, and many beloved ones of early days had departed to the "far off land." But many also remained. Among the latter was the true-hearted Mary Warren, who, a few months later, after long years of tearful, anxious watching, became a happy wife, and my friend, in the enjoyment of perfect bodily and mental health, is rapidly rising to eminence, as the first lawyer of our little State.

* * *

MR. BURNETT'S BUSINESS;

OR,

TRUST YOUR WIVES.

"What a piece of extravagance! No man living could get along in the world tied to such a reckless, extravagant wife."

"But I did not know that this was extravagant. It only corresponds with other articles in the house and our dress, and you wished me to see that all in those departments had a good appearance."

"Certainly, a good appearance. But that by no means implies the expenditure of a millionaire. You must think twice, as the wife of a poor man, ere you spend a dollar. But women know nothing of business—can be taught nothing, and the most affectionate wife, I really believe, would half ruin her husband, any time, rather than not dress as well as her neighbors."

"Now you are unkind, Mr. Burnett. If you would only tell me something about your business, I should know——"

"Tell you about my business! Thank you, I am fully able to attend to that myself. All I ask of you is to attend to yours in the house, and not ruin me by your extravagance."

The above is a fair sample, in mercantile phrase, of conversations that too frequently took place between Mr. and Mrs. Burnett. At the close of them the husband was wont to rush from the house, marking his retreat by furious haste and a violent slamming of doors, and leaving his wife drowned in tears, half angry, half self-reproachful.

But Mrs. Burnett was accustomed to these scenes. They had been of frequent occurrence during the entire ten years of her married life. She had become in a measure hardened to them. They no longer left a lasting impression on her mind, or influenced, to any great extent, her actions. Mr. Burnett ought to have seen this. But he was not very observing, seldom thought much or deeply on any subjects, save himself and his own interests, in short was a pompous, dictatorial man, who would have deemed it a species of presumption for his inferiors to possess any feelings. He had a sort of tyrannical love, compounded of ownership and affection, for his wife and children, and in the class of inferiors he indubitably placed them.

He was devoted to business, and generally looked upon as a keen, shrewd man. It was undoubtedly a part of his business policy to wear, in the eyes of the world, a prosperous appearance. He lived in a handsome house, and all was, by his command, conducted on liberal principles, and his family were always dressed exceedingly well.

Year after year of the life of this strange mated pair passed on, marked by often-recurring strife, and by the gradual growth of discordant feeling in each of their hearts. Mr. Burnett more and more frequently blamed his wife for extravagance, and she persisted even with more tenacity in adorning her person, her children, and her house as she had resolved. If Mr. Burnett were really as prosperous as he seemed, and as he would have had her and the world believe, she was perfectly justified in the liberal, but by no means extravagant expenditure she had adopted. She was a good manager and prudent. She knew how to make the most of money, and of all that money would purchase, and, though her husband never condescended to do so silly a thing as praise her, he often secretly admired the tact and shrewdness she manifested in expending to the best advantage the sums he gave her, and in refitting, altering and arranging articles of furniture and dress, so that they appeared well while costing little. To himself, in the solitary communion of his counting-room, Mr. Burnett often acknowledged that his wife was an admirable manager, that his household was well ordered, a model, in fact, for all Elmdale. Then lest his wife might detect some symptoms of his approval, and thus be emboldened to usurp some masculine prerogative, he would go home and find fault with everything he saw. He believed in keeping his inferiors humble and in their proper places.

I will not say that Mrs. Burnett did not sometimes contrive to circumvent her lord and master. She would hardly have been human had she denied herself the privilege of having her own way sometimes, while making her tyrant believe that she was meekly yielding to his will. But, on the whole, it must be allowed that Mr. Burnett ruled the household as with a rod of iron, and that no one beneath his roof was more obedient or less trusted than his wife. And so, while her children grew in health and beauty in her well-ordered home, Mrs. Burnett remained in utter ignorance of the manner in which they were maintained, of the foundation of present prosperity, or their prospects for the future.

But a time was fast approaching which was to disclose to her the secrets so zealously guarded, and to test her capacity for understanding business, as well as transacting it.

In the prime of life, in the midst of the vigor and strength of manhood, without one preceding visible indication of the decay of the vital powers, Mr. Burnett was suddenly smitten by paralysis. For a few months after he arose, partially recovered from the first shock, he caused himself daily to be conveyed to his place of business, where, seated in the chair and before the desk that had been arranged for him, he still continued to direct the business operations of the house. He still managed, though slowly and painfully, to attend to his somewhat voluminous correspondence, and still maintained his system of inviolable secrecy.

Neither to his wife, to his eldest son, now approaching manhood, nor to the oldest and most esteemed of his clerks, would he reveal his projects, nor entrust the arrangement of any part of his plans. Hands he was forced to use of others, but his own head still directed all.

At the close of this period a second and more violent attack prostrated beyond remedy almost every physical power. His feet had long refused to bear him onward, and now his hands hung helplessly by his side. The brain retained much of its original vigor, but the faculty of speech, of articulate sound, was gone forever.

No more could he be conveyed to his counting room, no more conduct his correspondence, no more even direct the operations of his business. I doubt if the dismay caused by this almost utter prostration of physical power, in the midst of his years, was half so great as that with which the helpless man contemplated the passing of his business into hands he had so long complacently pronounced incompetent, and the revelation to inferior and "frivolous persons"—a favorite phrase of his—of the cherished and long contemplated purposes of his active life.

It now became necessary for Mrs. Burnett to investigate, not only, but to arrange the business. No other person had authority, no other was so deeply interested, and no other could communicate with the afflicted man, whose sole avenue of intercourse with the outward world lay through the glances of his eyes, now wonderfully intensified in expression, since with them alone could he convey his thoughts beyond his own brain.

It was piteous indeed to see this stricken man thus condemned to inaction and silence, while he undoubtingly believed that ruin impended over him and those for whom he had toiled, to see him compelled to yield in silence where he had once commanded, and to behold the wondrous energy of thought, the impatience, the restlessness, the despair, that gleamed and glittered in his ever-watchful eyes. It was long before peace came to him, long before the calmness of resignation, longer still ere the contentment of hopes realized, of trust securely founded, were gained.

I saw him in the first access of that restless, hopeless agony of impotence, saw the lurid, angry gleams of his eyes, the vain inquiry, the oft-repeated, abortive attempts at communication in this sole mode, which those near him had to acquire as children the alphabet, or the visible signs of natural events.

I saw him again in those blessed later days when peace, and trust, and joy shone from his calm eyes, and lighted even the pallor of his moveless features.

But long ere this the woman he had despised had proved herself worthy of the highest material trust, had developed capacities such as, if they dwell not in many women, are not vouchsafed to all men.

From the hour that saw her husband prostrated—or more truly from that in which she could find some relief from her hopeless vigil beside his bed—Mrs. Burnett had devoted herself to the interests of his business.

At first she found herself obliged to contend with the incapacity of total inexperience, but the aid of experienced, routine clerks, the information derived from her husband's carefully kept papers, and that which, by adroit questioning, she managed to extract from him, soon placed her in the right track, and enabled her to bring her natural shrewdness and tact to bear upon her new employments. The business suffered no interruption, and scarcely any diminution, even at the first, and scarcely five years of the new regime had rolled away before Mrs. Burnett had placed it in an almost infinitely better position than that in which she found it.

By that time her second son, the elder having devoted himself to a profession, arrived at an age, and acquired an experience, which enabled him to relieve his mother of the more active and arduous duties which she had so long assumed. But not the less, in these more quiet days, did she devote her thoughts to, and exert her remarkable tact in, the management of affairs, and prosperity still characterized the fortunes that had once been threatened by so fatal a reverse.

Mr. Burnett lingered many years, tended by his admirable wife with as affectionate interest as if she had not been the managing partner of the firm of which he was such a helpless one. And ere he died, so entire was his change of opinion as to her capacity, so perfect his trust in, and gratitude to her, that his will was made and executed, bequeathing all he possessed solely to her, and leaving the destinies of his children, as to fortune, in her hands.

Mrs. Burnett doubtlessly deserved this trust, and so as doubtlessly has many another woman whom custom and popular opinion have pronounced incapable of understanding business, and utterly incompetent to transact it. Opportunity and use give development, and there are, without doubt, many men who would be none the worse for trusting their wives in relation to their business, and some who might even be benefited by consulting them.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded and now blessed his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey? PRIOR.

About four o'clock that same afternoon, Clarisse after looking carefully round to ascertain that she was not watched, turned down a narrow street running out of Tottenham court-road, and walked very briskly till she arrived at a small but respectable looking shop, a baker's, with the name of Brown over the door.

It was her home.

A tall, handsome, giant-limbed young man, dressed in his working-clothes, stood gazing with a hopeless, sad expression down the street, in an opposite direction from the one she came.

It was her cousin, Adam Hayes. Poor fellow! his life was in her smiles; a word, a look could bring him at any moment crouching like a spaniel to her feet. Never was despot more absolute, or slave more submissive.

If a fit of jealousy occasionally prompted him to rebel, the effort was merely momentary, serving, like most unsuccessful ones to rivet his chains more tightly.

It was extraordinary to note the change in his countenance when Clarisse made her appearance. It was like sunbeams dispersing the mist overhanging the landscape.

The kind-hearted girl—kind, although one of her greatest pleasures was to teaze him—nodded familiarly to the handsome young giant, as she passed into the little parlor at the back of the shop, where a respectable-looking man was sitting disconsolately at table, the dinner before him being untasted.

It was her father.

"Later than ever, *Susan!*" he said, with a sigh. "Later than ever!"

He was the only person permitted to call her by the name her godfather and godmother had given her. If by accident her cousin addressed or spoke of her by it, the capricious girl would torment him for a week at least, by way of punishment.

"And you have waited for me!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round the old man's neck, and kissing him.

"Don't I always wait?"

There was more love than reproach in his tone.

"But not so late," she replied. "You are a dear, good father—kinder to me, I fear, than I deserve."

Mr. Brown took his daughter by the hand, and looked into her eyes long and earnestly.

Clarisse endured the scrutiny with a quiet smile, and threw back her curls with a playful motion of the head. At that moment she felt how sweet it was to meet her parent's gaze without a blush.

"You have not kissed me," she said.

The baker drew her towards him, and pressed his lips to her cheek.

"And now," she exclaimed, seating herself, "let us have some dinner. I am so hungry, and so must you be."

"I did not feel it."

"Ah, but you do now! Let me assist you—quite hot, too, I declare! Shall I call Adam? Adam!" she repeated aloud.

Her cousin came into the room, and took his seat without uttering a word.

"No wonder you have a good appetite, Susan (our readers must recollect that she had two names), practising so many hours."

"I have not been practising since one o'clock, father."

Poor Adam looked terribly uneasy.

"I have been walking," she added.

"Alone?" said the old man.

"*Nearly all the time.*"

"Not all?"

"No, not all," replied his daughter archly.

The handsome countenance of her cousin flushed deeply

"And I am going out again this evening," she added.

"It is not opera night," observed her father, seriously.

"I am aware of that."

"Shall I order the hackney coach, Mademoiselle Clarisse?" inquired Adam Hayes, timidly. He would have given anything to be permitted to call her Susan.

"Thank you, I intend to walk.

This time the features of her cousin became deadly pale.

"It would not do *for us* to be seen riding together," she continued, laughingly; "our neighbors are so fond of gossiping, surmising, and inventing, they would say all kinds of *ridiculous and improbable things*—possibly that we were in love with each other."

Mr. Brown smiled; he felt delighted at the idea of his daughter and nephew going out together, for Adam Hayes had long been to him as a son.

"And am I really to take a walk with you?" demanded the young man, eagerly.

"If you have no better engagement," answered Clarisse, demurely. "I always feel so safe," she added, "when you are with me."

Neither her father nor cousin continued to question the capricious girl any further; her rule was through their hearts, and despotic as the strength of their affection for her.

"At what time will you want me?" inquired Adam, timidly.

"At seven."

"Thank you, thank you."

"Well, he certainly is very handsome," mentally ejaculated the *danseuse*, as she caught the expression of his dark eyes beaming with admiration upon her. "Pity I can't fall in love with him. But a baker!—ridiculous!"

Strange to say, she saw nothing ridiculous in her father being a baker; she could not have loved him more had he been a prince.

There was a ring at the shop bell; her cousin quitted the little parlor to answer it, but such was his impatience to get back again, that he not only gave the woman a quartern instead of a half-quartern loaf, but the shilling she had paid him for it back again with the change.

Oh, this love, this love! It makes sad fools even of the wisest of us, and yet we would bid the young love on, that youth, like the bee, may garner up—in memory's store—sweet recollections for age to dwell upon.

"You will break poor Adam's heart, Susan," observed Mr. Brown as his nephew disappeared.

"You don't know how strong it is, father," answered his daughter, laughingly.

"He might choose the richest girl in the neighborhood," urged the old man; "there is not one that would refuse him."

"Let him choose," said the *danseuse*, with an air of real or affected indifference.

"You know that his choice is already made."

"Indeed!"

"He will never marry, unless you——"

The rest of the worthy baker's speech was cut short by the return of Adam Hayes, who felt in the lover's seventh heaven of delight, at the thought of having been *invited* to walk out with his pretty cousin.

A walk! There was no telling what tender confidences it might not lead to.

Clarisse (we shall continue to designate her by her professional name, at least, for the present) returned to her own room—her boudoir (neither Mr. Brown nor his nephew ever could recollect the word) as she persisted in calling it.

"Make theeself smart, lad," said the old man, with a knowing look.

"I intend to do so, uncle, if——"

"It be all right, Adam; I will keep shop for thee. There will be a seat vacant at the Crown and Pippin to-night," he added.

The lover disappeared, and invested two guineas in a new hat, gloves, cravat, and cane.

When Clarisse descended to the parlor, a few minutes before the appointed hour, the change in the appearance of her cousin quite startled her, and she repeated to herself, "He really is very handsome."

She forgot at that moment that he was a baker—the oven, the stifling little back room, the shop, and everything connected with it.

"Why, Adam!" she exclaimed, "you have made yourself quite a beau, I declare."

"I have done my best not to disgrace you," replied the young man, blushing deeply.

"A new hat! and gloves, too!" she continued, eyeing him critically; "vastly gallant! But who has tied your cravat in that odious knot?"

As matter of course he had tied it himself.

Clarisse drew off her gloves, and, jumping upon a chair in order to reach him, insisted upon re-arranging it herself. Considering her taste and skill in such matters, she was a long time in accomplishing it. Could it have been for the pleasure of feeling the strong, manly heart of the poor bewildered fellow beat against her arm as her delicate taper fingers touched his neck?

"I think that will do," she said at last.

In Adam's opinion, never had cravat been so exquisitely tied.

"Good-bye, father," said the *danseuse*, kissing him; "we shall not stay late."

"Don't hurry yourselves," said the old man, greatly delighted.

He rubbed his hands with glee, and, as his daughter and nephew walked down the narrow street, leant with a contented air over the half door of the shop to contemplate them.

"If she would only have him!" he murmured to himself; "if she would only have him! I should die without a care," he added, "were she the wife of Adam Hayes."

All we can say upon the subject is, that far more improbable things than a marriage between two cousins have occurred.

The youthful pair walked till they reached Oxford street without uttering a word; the heart of Adam was too full for him to speak, it appeared like a dream to him; and Clarisse was thoughtful. There was something in the silence of her cousin, in the trembling of the strong arm on which she leant, far more flattering to her pride than the freely expressed admiration of the aristocratic butterflies that buzzed round her at the theatre.

Many girls like the intoxicating incense offered to their vanity by the opposite sex, even though they feel that it means nothing serious and can lead to nothing good; but all appreciate their respect, the most delicate because the purest homage man can offer at the shrine of loveliness.

Rattling, out-spoken fellows may be delightful partners at a ball, agreeable companions for a ride, and desirable escorts at flower shows, horticultural meetings, reviews, picnics, and races, but somehow or other the quiet, respectful ones generally contrive to distance them. They are the real gladiators in Cupid's battles. Women know this, and regard the others as mere skirmishers.

"Upon my word, coz, you are a most amusing companion," observed the capricious but warm-hearted little beauty, who possibly began to feel that the continued silence was becoming dangerous; "is it your new hat or cane that you are thinking of?"

"Of my cravat," answered the young man, hesitatingly.

"Very complimentary!—I thank you!" exclaimed Clarisse. "If we were not in the street, I would make my best curtsey."

"And of the dear hands that tied it," said Adam Hayes, in a tone of voice so low that it sounded almost like a whisper; "my heart has not done beating yet—don't be angry with me, and draw away your arm; you have forbidden me to speak upon the subject—I have obeyed you, that was in my power; but I can't help thinking, you know."

"Well, I suppose not," replied his cousin, replacing the arm she had snatched suddenly away in his.

Again she felt it tremble beneath the slight pressure.

"And when you questioned me," he added, "I was compelled to speak the truth."

"That is quite right; you know I like the truth."

Again they walked on in silence. Adam's powers of conversation were either exhausted, or he felt too happy to indulge in words. It was Clarisse who broke it a second time.

"You are not very curious," she observed.

"Indeed, cousin, I am very curious," replied the young man.

"Do you not feel anxious to know where I am going?"

"Not now I am with you."

"I am going to meet a gentleman," said the pretty *danseuse*, demurely.

Her companion started.

"*Two gentlemen*," she added.

This somewhat reassured him, although he regarded her seriously.

"Are you not surprised at my placing such confidence in you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you doubt me?"

"No," answered Adam Hayes, with an effort to repress the secret pang that wrung his heart; "you are not the girl to pain, wantonly pain the poor fellow who loves you. For, after all, Clarissie, the love of an honest man, although rejected, is not a thing to be despised. You may like to tease; indeed, I sometimes think you do find a pleasure in teasing me, but you would not torture me."

His cousin smiled.

"If you really are going to meet two gentlemen," he continued, "something whispers to me it is not because you love them."

"I should think not," exclaimed the ballet-girl, laughingly. "Hem! *two at a time!*"

"Either of them," said Adam, emphatically.

"You are right," replied the wayward beauty, with more seriousness than she generally displayed; "I never saw the gentlemen till this morning."

The countenance of Adam brightened, and he breathed more freely.

"One of them is the lover of Clara Cleret."

"Indeed!"

"And the other," added Clarisse, laughingly, "is over head and ears in love with some one else. He told me so himself."

"Is it possible?"

"Thank you, Adam—you are positively growing gallant. Orson is endowed with reason. That is the second curtsey I owe you. And now that you have behaved so well," continued the speaker, "I will tell you all about it. You remember Clara Cleret—pretty Clara?"

"I know nothing about her beauty," replied the young man, with unaffected simplicity, "for I never saw her except by your side, but I have noticed her modest looks and retiring manners. She was the only one of your companions I ever liked to see you with."

"Poor Clara has been carried off!"

"Carried off!" repeated her cousin, indignantly.

"And is detained a prisoner at Madame's cottage at Brompton."

"Susan!" exclaimed Adam Hayes, passionately—in his emotion he forgot the prohibition to address her by any other name than Clarisse—"for your old father's sake, for your own—I dare not add, for mine—quit the profession that has so infatuated you. I cannot be every moment at your side to watch over you. Should anything occur, I need not tell you it would break more hearts than one."

His companion heard him without a smile, and, strange to say, did not even reprove him for calling her Susan.

"We must not speak of that now," she observed, musingly. "My object is to rescue Clara, and I count on your assistance."

The strong arm on which she leant, and which more than once had trembled beneath the gentle pressure, became instantly firm as iron.

It was nerved by manly resolution.

"You will not fail me," said his cousin.

The look he gave her was enough. The warm-hearted fellow would have risked his life at any moment, to save a pure and innocent girl from the hands of the villain who had ensnared her. It was not likely that he would abandon the friend of Clarisse.

By this time they had reached the Mall, where they found Harold and Tom Mayfield pacing impatiently in front of Carlton House.

"Have you succeeded?" exclaimed the latter, in a voice broken by emotion. "Oh! say that you have, and I will bless you."

There was too much of real feeling in the accents of the speaker for the ballet-girl to trifle even for an instant with his anxiety, and she answered at once that she had.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the lover.

"It is some distance," she added.

Neither Tom nor his friend cared how far. They were prepared for everything.

"At Brompton. The Retreat," continued Clarisse. "We will accompany you. I have brought my cousin with me. He is brave as a lion, and good as brave. You may rely upon him as upon yourselves."

The young men silently shook hands. Never had Adam felt so strong. After such words from the lips he loved, he felt that he could face the wildest danger.

A coach was called. Harold Mansell selected a middle-aged, respectable-looking man, upon whose steadiness he thought he could rely.

"Are you acquainted with Brompton?" he asked, as they were about to start.

"All right, sir!"

"And the Retreat?"

"Easily find it, sir."

"How?"

"Ask at the 'pike—know every one there."

"You are not to drive to the house," added our hero, "but draw up a few yards from it. A young girl—a good and virtuous girl—has been forcibly taken from her friends; our object is to rescue her."

"All right," repeated the man.

"In addition to your fare, you shall have a guinea, if you succeed."

"Thank your honor," exclaimed the driver, touching his hat, "can't afford to refuse it; coaches aint what they wor, real gentry is gettin' scarcer and scarcer, so many people walk now-a-days."

The hackney-coachman drove rapidly till he reached the turnpike, when he drew up and inquired for the Retreat.

"Don't know it," replied the man.

"Offer him money," said Tom.

Harold Mansell was about to do so, when a sharp voice from the keeper's lodge called out:

"Yes, thee does, Sam. It be the French Madame's."

This indication was too true to be doubted. Our hero descended and questioned the speaker himself.

"Oh, yes! I know now," replied the tollman, before his wife could answer him, "and a precious sight of trouble I've had with her. Often wants to persuade me it aint struck twelve when she comes from the theatre—but it won't do. I've had her up twice and beat her afore the beaks. Do yer want particularly to know?" he added.

Harold replied by drawing a half-crown piece from his waistcoat pocket.

"I see yer honor does. You know the green lane?"

The coachman fortunately did.

"Turn down that, and about a hundred yards from the Magpie you will come to it—it stands quite alone—a white house in a garden."

"Thank yer honor," added the keeper, as the coin fell into his hand; "the jarvy can't miss it."

Half an hour's ride brought them to the end of the green lane their informant had described; here the driver drew up and the party alighted.

"You had better remain in the carriage," whispered Adam to his cousin.

Clarisse, however, woman-like, did not choose to remain—she had no fear. In her anxiety to assist in the rescue of Clara, she had quite forgotten the interpretation her noble admirer, in all probability, would put upon her conversation with him in the park.

"Caution, Tom!" said Harold, placing his hand upon the arm of his friend, whose impatience manifested itself in his rapid strides. "The least imprudence may ruin all; remember, we have not only an unprincipled man, but what is far more dangerous, an unprincipled woman, to deal with."

A very few paces brought the speakers to the Retreat—a pretty suburban villa, situated, as the turnpike-keeper described it, in its own grounds.

Tom leaped like a deer over the hedge, and our hero followed him.

"Why are you remaining, Adam!" demanded Clarisse.

"I must not leave you here unprotected."

"Nonsense!" replied the ballet-girl, laughingly. "No one wants to run away with me. What! lingering still! I am afraid you are not quite so courageous as I thought you were."

Her cousin urged his objection no farther, but followed his new friends, whom he found in whispering consultation directly under the balcony which ran down the front of the house, every shutter of which was closed.

They had listened both at the door and windows, but without distinguishing the sound of voices.

Tom Mayfield began to climb one of the columns of the porch, his companions below assisting him.

Clarisse, the meanwhile, continued to walk up and down the green lane, like a sentinel upon the watch.

CHAPTER XX.

Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth and God's own scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice—to virtue, woe.
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest. POPE.

When Clara, on quitting the chambers of her pretended benefactor, found herself suddenly seized and forced into a carriage, the poor girl naturally suspected Captain Mansell as the author of the outrage. Her terrors, however, were comparatively calmed on discovering that she had fallen into the hands of Madame Saubin, who, with unblushing effrontery, declared to the crowd of idlers whom the cries of her victim had drawn round the vehicle, that it was only her runaway apprentice she had secured. The handful of silver which the unprincipled Frenchwoman scattered amongst the crowd completely persuaded them of the truth of her assertion, and she was permitted to drive off in triumph with her prize.

"Clara!" she exclaimed, after pulling down the blinds, "don't make yourself ridicule. Do you tink I am want to kill you?"

"Take me home," sobbed her former pupil, "take me home. What will my friends think of my absence? What will——"

She was about to add, "What will Tom Mayfield think?" but maidenly reserve restrained her.

"*Let him tink* what he will, *ma belle*; he is not worth to tink for."

"My brother! Mrs. Page! if you have any pity in your heart, take me home," urged Clara.

"And where you imagine I take you?" replied the ballet mistress, with an affected laugh; "you not suppose dat I want to run away wid you—you not so ridicule as dat. No, *mon enfant*, I only want to talk wid you, and as dat horrible woman, Madame Page, say all wicked tings of me, and is so rude, so varray rude, I jus get you into mine carriage for a drive wid me, dat is all."

The still affrighted girl mentally hoped that it was all.

"Why you so feroce wid Captain Mansell, my love?" continued the temptress; "he adores you so much."

"Do not name him?" interrupted Clara, blushing deeply.

"And is so rich."

"I hate him."

"And so generous."

"Rich the gentleman undoubtedly is, and ostentatious," replied the *danseuse*, with more firmness than she had hitherto displayed, "but I deny his generosity."

"*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated Madame Saubin, with unaffected astonishment. "Not generous! It not possible to doubt it, after de beautiful diamonds he wanted to give you."

"I possess more valuable ones already," observed Clara, calmly.

"*Vraiment!*" exclaimed the Frenchwoman.

"Innocence, sweet peace of mind, sweet purity of heart," added her former pupil.

"*Ah! oui, ma belle*, we both of us have dem."

"These are the gems he would have me barter for his glittering gewgaws. Oh, Madame! if you have any pity in your nature, cease to persecute me upon this hateful subject."

"You are very poor," observed the temptress.

"Poverty has no shame."

"*Mais fort* disagreeable," replied the ballet mistress. "And you poor little broder——"

"Cease," interrupted the honest-hearted girl; "cease, I entreat you, to pollute my ears by such insidious counsels. My heart you cannot sully. I would rather live, as I have hitherto lived, in honest poverty—starve—die, than purchase affluence at the price of virtue."

"*Et moi, aussi*," exclaimed the Frenchwoman, "You misconceive—you wrong me so much—*fi donc!* Captain Mansell wish to marry you."

A smile of incredulity was the only answer to this most impudent assertion. His agent mistook its meaning, and continued.

"*As soon as you arrive in Paris!*" she added. "I will go wid you, and play *proprieté*, as dey call it in England. Quite mistake. You tink I would deceive you. *Nevar!* Once in Paris de captain make you his wife. Here in London his family oppose."

"Were the wish as serious, the intention as honorable as I know it to be false," replied Clara, "it would not move me. I will neither be the wife of Captain Mansell nor his victim."

"You love anoder!"

To this accusation her prisoner remained silent

We will not pain our readers further by repeating the thinly-vailed sophistry by which the unprincipled woman sought to persuade the friendless girl of the honorable views of her persecutor. She listened in silence—neither her heart nor reason were to be deceived.

When the carriage stopped and the blinds were drawn up, Clara perceived, to her terror, that instead of being in the crowded streets of London, it had drawn up in front of a small villa—no other habitation in sight—no human being near to whom she could appeal for protection, and her spirits sank within her.

With piteous accents she entreated Madame to convey her to her home.

"The horses are too tired," replied the wretched creature, coolly.

"I can walk."

"But not alone, *ma belle*; you must repose yourself first, den I will conduct you."

Despite her resistance, the unhappy Clara was forced into the house and conducted to a drawing-room on the upper floor, where the first object that met her terror-stricken sight was the man she most dreaded to meet—Captain Mansell.

"I shall leave you to plead your own cause," observed Madame Saubin, as she quitted the room.

The prisoner attempted to follow her, but the unmanly wretch caught her by the hand and entreated her to listen to him.

The touch restored her courage.

"I am ready to listen to you," she replied, seating herself, taking care, however, that the marble table was between them.

"I love you," said the captain, "and love must plead my excuse for the means I have taken to obtain a hearing."

"Nothing can excuse them. They were mean, cowardly, and dastardly, just such as I should have expected from the man who has repeatedly insulted a friendless girl by offers which I will not blister my tongue by repeating. Love!" she repeated, in a tone of such utter scorn that the bronzed cheek of her persecutor reddened at her words; "to how many of your victims have you repeated that falsehood already! Love is self-sacrificing—seeks not happiness at the price of honor—respects the object of its choice too deeply to outrage her."

"By Heavens, you wrong me! My intentions are most honorable and, once in France——"

"Do not perjure yourself unnecessarily, Captain Mansell," interrupted Clara Cleret. "Were your vows as honorable as I know them to be vile, I should reject the offer of your hand and name."

"Absurd!"

"Doubtless it appears strange to you—incomprehensible, that the poor ballet-girl, who toils for the nightly salary of a few shillings, whose name, whether virtuous or not, is light on the mouth of every coxcomb, should think and speak so. Insolent," she continued, bitterly, "is it not, that poverty should dare to feel it has a heart to be insulted, or find spirit to resent it?"

"A few days' reflection will teach you better, Clara," said the captain.

"A few days!" repeated the prisoner. "You dare not detain me here; humble as I am, the laws will protect me."

The gentleman smiled sarcastically.

"I have friends, too," added the *danseuse*.

"Who will not find you here," interrupted the captain. "Were I as unprincipled as you affect to believe, I should avail myself of your position—helpless, and completely in my power; but I scorn such triumphs"—fear them, would have been the true word.

"Farewell," he added, "for the present; to-morrow I will see and urge my suit to you again."

The instant he disappeared, the prisoner sprang to the windows opening on the balcony; they were securely fastened.

There was no escape.

"Heaven will protect me!" she murmured, sinking upon her knees. "Whilst true to myself, it will not abandon me. But what will my friends think of my absence? How shall I ever clear my conduct in their eyes?"

This thought brought the tears to her eyes, and the poor *danseuse* sobbed bitterly, till her over-charged feelings found relief in prayer.

"*Un peu sauvage*, is she not?" exclaimed Madame Saubin, as her employer entered the room below.

"Wild!" repeated the captain. "A bishop in lawn sleeves could not have lectured me more severely."

"*Vraiment!*"

"She detests me."

"Did you give her de diamonds?"

"Hang the diamonds," said the captain, throwing them upon the table.

The Frenchwoman opened the *écrin*, and eyed them for several minutes greedily; then, taking some tissue paper and gum water, began to attach them to the back of the cases.

"What are you doing?" demanded the gentleman.

"Making my—what you call it? dat tell de weather."

"Barometer?"

"Dat is it."

"I don't understand you."

"You men are so simple," replied the ballet-mistress. "I shall leave dem in de room wit Clara. *If she try dem on, she is won!* and I shall know it by de *baromètre*."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the villain, with a laugh. "No one can set a trap to catch a woman so well as a woman."

"Dere is truth in dat," mentally ejaculated madame.

The captain took his leave, and instead of returning to his chambers, resolved, for fear of inquiries, to pass the night at his father's residence in Portland-place.

The following evening, the second of Clara's disappearance, Captain Mansell drove to the Retreat again, where he arrived only a few minutes before our hero and his friends. He had armed himself with wine, in order to obtain courage to outrage the innocence he had neither the heart to admire nor the reason to comprehend; and he entered the drawing-room about the same instant that Tom Mayfield began to climb the balcony.

The windows were fastened down, but the gallant fellow felt almost a giant's strength when he heard the shrieks of the prisoner. To burst them open, strike the ruffian to the ground, and catch the half-fainting girl in his arms, were but the acts of an instant.

Clara recognized him, and sank, sobbing like a child, upon his manly breast.

"Saved!" cried Tom, exultingly, and throwing one arm around, whilst with the other he stood ready to defend her. "Saved! my own true, virtuous girl. Cling to me—to my heart—it is your own, your home; it only beats for you—love and life! all that man can offer at the feet of the being he adores are yours. I rave in my happiness. Thank God that I have found you! They must have strong hands that tear you from me now!"

Alarmed by the crash of the broken sash and the heavy fall upon the floor, Madame Saubin made her appearance, carrying a lighted candle in each hand.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she shrieked. "Robbers!—help!"

The help came from where she least expected it. Harold and Adam Hayes entered the drawing-room through the window.

Captain Mansell raised himself slowly from the floor, and glanced around him pale with rage and disappointment. His eye rested at last upon Tom, who, with Clara clasped in his arms, stood scowling defiance at him.

"Who are you?" he demanded, endeavoring to assume a haughty air.

"*A man!*" replied the young farmer. "What are you?"

"Insolent!"

"Take him away, Harold," interrupted Tom Mayfield, "before I lose the command of reason and take the villain's life."

"Assassin!" shrieked the Frenchwoman. "Send for de *officiers* of justice—dere will be murder! And mine poor pupil, too, in the arms of dat horrid man!—give her to me!"

The look of utter loathing, scorn and rage which flashed from the eyes of Clara's protector absolutely terrified the ballet-mistress.

"Touch her," he muttered between his teeth, "pollute her by a look, and I shall forget your sex, and tear you limb from limb!"

"So," said Captain Mansell, regarding his cousin with a look of intense hatred, "it is to you I am indebted for this insult."

"To me," answered Harold, calmly.

"*I shall not forget it.*"

"Your forgetting or remembering it," said our hero, "are matters of perfect indifference to me. I have performed my duty to my friend, to my own manhood, and to the pure and innocent girl you would have outraged. I have nothing to reproach myself with; would you could say the same."

Although the captain's servant and the coachman of Madame Saubin were both at the house, no opposition was offered to the departure of Clara and her friends. Adam Hayes led the way, Tom followed with his precious burden, and Harold brought up the rear.

Just as they reached the lawn a scream was heard.

It was the voice of Clarisse. Her cousin recognized it, and sprang like a deer-hound into the lane.

The adventures of the night were not over yet.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

UPON a traveller telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where bugs were so large and powerful that two of them could drain a man's blood in one night, the general replied: "My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called humbugs."

HYMN

FOR THE CONSECRATION OF HILL-SIDE CEMETERY, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

(Air—*Old Hundred.*)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

God of our Fathers! we are met
Before Thine eye, with solemn breast,
Here where our sacred Dead will sleep,
And we in turn shall take our rest,
While others walk the ways of Life,
And hear, as we have heard, the chime,
That stirs the living to their task,
From Thine unwearied Bell of Time:
Chorus.—*Then hear our voices rise to Thee,*
Of Life, of Death the mighty God;
And with Thy tender blessing make
This Place a consecrated sod!

II.

No step of riot here shall sound;
No vulgar voice of self be heard;
But softest tones be mingled with
The gentle breeze and singing bird:
Here shall the silent mourner kneel;
Here holy tears of love be shed;
And Angel-Memory, as a shrine,
Watch o'er this City of the Dead:
Then hear, &c.

III.

God of our Being! as we'll gaze
On grassy grave and lofty tomb,
May we behold them but as steps
That lead us to Immortal Bloom!
O may we for that Bell of Time,
Here feel a less and less desire;
But long to hear, on Heavenly Hills,
Eternity's own nobler Lyre!
Then hear our voices rise to Thee,
Of Life, of Death the mighty God;
And with Thy tender blessing make
This Place a consecrated sod!

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the course of a pleasant conversation which we recently had with a venerable old lady from Virginia, she related the following thrilling incident, which is given as near as possible in her own language:

"My husband, when I married him, was considered a man of means, and we set up housekeeping in the city of Richmond, with some pretensions to style; but Richard Allston, dear good soul though he was, had a fondness for speculation that at length resulted in his ruin. Soon after the birth of our fourth child, he came and told me, with tears in his eyes, that everything he had in the world would soon be seized to pay his debts—houses, lands, negroes, furniture, horses, cattle—all.

"It was a terrible blow to me—for what would become of our poor children? the eldest of which was only eight, and the youngest a helpless babe in the arms.

"'I see but one way for us to live and keep our little ones with us,' he said, 'and that I am afraid will be worse than death to you.'

"'If it is honorable, dear Richard,' I replied, 'I will submit to it without a murmur.'

"'In the southwestern part of this state,' he continued, 'my brother owns a tract of some two hundred acres of wild, uncultivated land, which he says he will deed to you if we will settle on it.'

"'Thank your brother kindly in my name, and say we accept his offer.'

"'God bless you Clara, for a dear, noble woman!' he rejoined, rushing from the apartment to conceal from me his overpowering emotions.

"I need not dwell on a painful scene. Six months later, my dear husband, self and children were the sole tenants of a lonely cabin in the wilderness; and both of us, from a state of ease and luxury, had come down to hard work and hard fare. For the first three or four years I suffered much from severe labor and privations, but these seemed light to me when weighed against my constant fears. The thought of Indians did not trouble me so much as the fear of wild beasts. Bears, wolves, cougars and snakes were all around us, and I scarcely ever felt at ease either night or day. I was afraid for my husband when he went out to his work, I was always afraid when I ventured out myself, and a mother's fears for her children made me tremble at every unusual sound. My husband tried to reason away and then laugh away my fears—but all to no purpose—and I remained to suffer from my imagination what no language can describe.

"During the first year of our life in the wilderness, we became possessed of a very fine cow; and this animal, with a bell attached, was allowed to run about the woods in the daytime, but was always secured in a snug little shed at night. She cost me a great many fears and anxieties—for when my husband was busily engaged in planting, hoeing, or harvesting, I generally took upon myself the task of finding and driving her home, and I always set out with a tremulous prayer for safety, and returned with a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. Thus some four years passed away without any events of special interest, when I suddenly met with a terrible misfortune, mainly arising from my foolish fears.

"One day I had been so busy with my housework as to forget my usual task of going for the cow till just as the sun was setting; and then hurriedly charging my eldest daughter not to venture from the house with the children, I set off to find her. I had gone but few steps, when I fancied I heard the welcome sound of her bell; and hastily turning a small point of woodland, I suddenly caught a view of her, not more than a hundred yards distant. I called her joyfully, and with a feeling of great relief, and expected to see her advance toward me as usual; but to my surprise, she only lowered and tossed her head angrily, stamped her foot once or twice, and then, with a low bellow, as if of fear, suddenly wheeled and bounded off in a contrary direction.

"Had I taken time to consider that something had frightened her, I should probably have fled back to the house in alarm; but my first impulse was to follow and turn her, and get her secured before dark; and in carrying out this design, I thought of nothing but the trouble and vexation she was wilfully giving me. I ran after her as fast as I could; and as she struck across an open field, through a hollow, and up a slope that led to the summit of a steep bluff, I was enabled to keep her in sight all the time.

"Upon the bluff or cliff I have mentioned, at the extreme point where it jutted out from the main ridge, and fairly overhung a mountain stream that foamed and roared over its rocky bed far below, the animal came to a stand, facing toward me and away from the fearful precipice, and when I drew near her, panting from my exertions, I saw with surprise that her eyes were wild and glaring, and that her whole frame was trembling like an aspen.

"I now became much alarmed myself. The sun had set, and the shades of evening were fast stealing over the gloomy landscape, and the thought of the lonely way back brought on a trembling like an ague-fit. But what was the matter with the cow? At first I could discover nothing to excite her alarm, and I coaxingly called her by a name to which she seldom failed to respond. And even now the sound of my voice was not disregarded, for with a low, frightened bellow she took a step toward me, and then partially wheeled as if her legs were entangled. I eagerly looked for the cause, and to my utter horror perceived it in the shape of a large, long black snake, one portion of which was coiled around her left hind leg, with its ugly head stretched upward, and extracting milk like a calf.

"Here, then, directly before me, was one of the terrible objects of my constant dread, seen under circumstances most calculated to appall one of my timid nature, and for a few moments I stood as one paralyzed, glaring upon the monster, unable to move or even breathe, with my very tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. Then suddenly my whole system seemed to relax, and with a wild, piercing shriek I staggered back, my only thought being to turn and fly, and escape from the horrid thing before me.

"But alas for my backward steps! There was a narrow fissure or chasm in the bluff, which in my haste and terror I had not perceived, with a loose rock spanning it, and little bushes growing each side and meeting over it; and as my foot struck against this rock, I fell, the stone sunk away from under me, and went thundering down the awful abyss, and the next instant I found myself hanging by my hands to the verge, and my body dangling and swinging against the sides of the fissure. In my fall I had instinctively thrown out my hands, and clutched, like a person drowning, whatever they had come in contact with, and this had saved me from immediate descent to the bottom of the gulf.

"With a presence of mind that a minute before I did not possess, I now sought to draw myself out; but my arms had received such a wrench as to be almost powerless, and as I grasped and pulled at the bushes, I found, to my unspeakable horror, that they were slowly but gradually giving way under the strain—cracking and coming out by the very roots—and that, in spite of my exertions, I was perceptibly going down—sinking, sinking—lower and lower—it might be into eternity itself.

"Oh, the agonies of those few moments, while I there remained suspended over the abyss of death! What language can describe them? I thought of home—of my dear husband and sweet but helpless children, left there alone in that dreary country, perhaps to remain forever ignorant of the awful fate of loving wife and mother! I turned my head and tried to look down into the yawning pit; but all was darkness below—the blackness of death, with the gloomy silence of a tomb. I tried to cry out, in the frantic hope that my voice might reach some human ear and bring me assistance; but my tongue was no longer under my control, and the would-be prayer to man for physical aid was changed to a mental prayer to God for mercy on my poor soul. And all the time the bushes were steadily giving way, and I was sinking, sinking, lower and lower, into the horrible pit. I now made one more, last, despairing effort to get a new hold, and suddenly became aware that all support above was gone, and that I was swiftly falling down, down, through the black darkness of the gulf, with that peculiar sensation of horror we sometimes have in a dream. I have no remembrance of striking, and hours must have elapsed before I had any further consciousness of life.

"The next I remember is of a sensation of pain all over and through me, the most acute and terrible. At first I knew not where I was, and could not form the faintest idea. I attempted to rise, but the effort only resulted in a shriek. I attempted to raise my hands to my head, but only one would obey my will, and that came in contact with a deep gash and a mass of clotted blood. I felt down around me, and found gravelly earth and stones. I looked upward, and could just dimly perceive a narrow streak of sky, and one or two twinkling stars. I reached out with the only hand I could use, and it came in contact with a smooth, solid rock. Where was I? and what had happened to me?

"Suddenly, with a feeling of horror that no tongue can even faintly express, the whole truth flashed upon me—the race, the snake, the fall—and then my very soul sent up a shriek of such anguish as I pray Heaven my worst enemy may never experience. I was at the bottom of some horrible pit or well, with bruised body and perhaps broken limbs, mortally wounded for aught I knew, and might there perish unseen, unattended and unknown, and never again behold the beloved faces of my husband and children. Oh, God! what agonies were mine, mental and physical! the mental at times so predominating as to cause a total oblivion of my racking, piercing, bodily sufferings. Even now, as I sit quietly here, after a long lapse of eventful years, I feel an internal shudder as I recall the sensations of that awful night. How I lived through it and retained my reason I do not know. Perhaps, indeed, my senses at times were wandering, for when I have tried to think of it in connected detail, a vagueness and confusion has always come over my poor brain like a dark cloud.

"Morning came and found me conscious. I remember seeing the dull gray light penetrate my prison-pit, and reveal to my eager eyes the precipitous walls of a narrow chasm, with an opening before me to the world without; and oh! with what fervency I thanked God that I was not buried alive beyond the reach of human aid! In the first moments of my almost frantic joy, I had forgotten that I was utterly helpless; but when I tried to crawl forward, and found I could not move my limbs or body, while thrills of piercing pain seemed to threaten a total loss of reason, I sunk back in the most hopeless despair. What if my poor husband, the only one to look for me, should search for me in vain, and I thus be left there to slowly perish of starvation? Oh, Heaven! the thought of his noble heart breaking with an agony of grief! and my dear, helpless little children calling for a mother who would come to them no more! Let imagination picture the scene for which I have no language.

"Long hours passed away, and the bright sun of day was making all nature glad, and still I was in the dreadful chasm, a wounded, suffering, and helpless prisoner, and no sound of a human voice had yet reached me.

"At last there came to my ears a despairing cry, that sent my name echoing through the gloomy wood. I knew the sound—it was my husband's voice—and I strove to reply; but my emotions so stifled me that I could only utter a deep groan. All became still again, and I felt as if going mad at the thought that the moment of deliverance might be forever past. But no! that welcome sound again—nearer and clearer! I answered, but faintly—too faintly to be heard in return. Oh, God! for power to make my situation known! to see once more the beloved face of my husband! and then die, if death was decreed, in his living embrace.

"There followed a deep silence of a few minutes—ages of torture to me—and then directly above me there came rolling down the chasm the words of anguish:

"'Clara! Clara! oh, my God! where are you, my dear Clara?'

"'Here!' I fairly shrieked back; 'here, dear Richard—at the bottom of this pit.'

"A shriek answered to mine—a shriek of joy and grief combined—and then the face of my almost distracted husband appeared above me, looking down in horror from the very spot where I had fallen.

"'Oh, my dearest Clara, speak once again, in God's name, and tell me you are living!'

"I groaned in agony—I could not speak again.

"'Courage, darling—courage—I will soon be with you!' he shouted back.

"He disappeared, and many terrible minutes passed before I saw his face again; and then he came running to me through the bottom of the chasm—to reach which in safety he had been obliged to make a circuit of some quarter of a mile. When at last he came up to me, and uttered a wild cry of mingled joy, grief and terror, my worn-out nature could no longer support the strain upon my senses, and a long period of unconsciousness, attended by fever and delirium, succeeded.

"A week later I once more recognized my dear husband and children, as I lay in my bed, with three broken limbs in splinters, and my bruised body bandaged from head to foot. During the long interval, life and death had been contending for the mastery, and, with the blessings of God, life had conquered. Final recovery followed, after many weary months of suffering, and forty years have still left me here on earth to tell the tale."

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.----No. 90.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

WEEDS.—Chapter II.

Great is the Kingdom of Weeds! A more populous kingdom of hardier subjects, thriving either by neglect or under hardship, the sun never shone on. One sometimes thinks that weeds have a smothered sense of wrong; as if, like the Indians, they were the original owners of the soil. But such a theory must be resisted. We have seen that it is founded in error. Our own weeds, natives, are fewer, more modest, less enterprising, and sooner vanquished. But what *is* a weed? Any herbaceous plant in the wrong place is a weed, and any plant in the right place becomes a flower. Poppies in a grain field are weeds not a whit the less because they are so fine in a garden. And, by the way, can anything be more regal than a long procession of the improved poppies, double, of every color, white, gray, rose, pink, crimson, scarlet, purple, matted, edged and striped! The foliage is wonderfully generous and large, and the habit of the plant noble. The buds rise on the long stalk, with their heads hanging down,* like kings' sons, trained to humility, until the time comes for them to assume the honors of state, when they (the poppies, I mean) lift up their gorgeous heads, now crowned and glowing with oriental magnificence! True, each flower lasts but a short time. But that is because the poppy prefers to hand you a new and fresh flower every morning. It has very good notions, too, about old flowers. Some plants hold on to their blossoms till they wither, and then, as it were, refuse to bury or part with them, producing a ragged and withered look. The poppy glows with inimitable freshness whilst it lives, and then, like the rose, drops its petals to the ground at once, and leaves a seed-pod, itself quite an object of beauty. For, then, you first see that the flush petals had concealed the appearance of a real coronet. Crown-makers, probably, took their model of crowns and coronet from the top of a poppy seed-pod. At any rate, they might have done so.

And, yet, should even these so much-admired poppies spread themselves in my grain-field, as a good farmer I should feel bound to call them "*pests*," and "vexatious weeds;" and to protest against foul seed, and much more to the same purpose.

There is the great American daisy, or ox-eye; if it were newly come to New York from Japan, it would be a curiosity and wonder. Florists would pay as high for a few seeds as they do now for Truffaut's French Asters. But, it is an old, familiar friend, that long ago wore its welcome out. No one wants it, and nobody thanks it for coming. Yet, it comes. The daisy is not proud or sensitive. It opens its great, white face, and golden bosom to the sun, as if to say, "Though man contemns, thou art our father, and art glad to look kindly upon us." At the risk of losing credit with farmers, we must own to a liking to these same honest, buxom daisies, and not infrequently we cull and pick a handful for the vase. There is coming in to our meadows, more and more, about these parts, a large yellow flower, with a purple cone centre, the whole flower about the size of an ox-eye, not unlike the coreopsis, in color and form, but larger. They are weeds, of course, since they hold up their flaming heads where they are not wanted. They look like some ostentatious belle, who walks in full dress among her working sisters, putting their homely garb quite to shame with her airs and bravery. Its *name* I will send you as soon as I have hunted it up in the books. What a pity that flowers and babies did not come with names hanging around their necks, so that we might be at less pains to give them such outlandish and abominable titles.

Purslane is the name of a late-coming, everlasting weed, that, in the nature of things, should have grown only where swine are the chief stock. It is good for them, and they love it. Besides, I know of no love for purslane on the globe, always excepting its own sentiments for itself. It is a long-rooted, tough, ineradicable thing, seldom troublesome to fields, but devoting its energies to the garden, where it has been the occasion of much wicked feeling, expressed, I fear, by some immoral men with language not reverent or proper.

In some fields which we pass in our evening ride, we see that the yellow lily, familiar to yards and gardens, has escaped thence and grows wild and prodigal over the whole acre. It is, then, no longer a flower—only a weed! That notable plant, *portulacca*, would, in a few years, we suspect, become a brilliant nuisance in our gardens, if neglected. There are several of the convolvulus family that cease to be shy, and grow rampantly in hedge and fence-row, as wild as any vegetable rowdy of the weed family.

But it will not do to carry our prejudices too far. We have for ourselves one covenant for the fields and another for the gardens. When once the stone-wall is passed, and we find ourselves in our neighbor's fields, we take all the fair throng into our regards. They are all flowers now. Each one has on it the stamp of divine thought. Every one was moulded by God's finger. They have their mysterious errands, their occult uses, their place in the rank and chain of creation, and not one of them could be stricken out without dropping one letter from that sentence that spells the glory of God in creation.

The great leading distinction between writing and speaking is, that more time is allowed for the one than the other; hence, different faculties are required for, and different objects obtained by each. He is properly the best speaker who can collect together the greatest number of apposite ideas at a moment's warning; he is properly the best writer who can give utterance to the greatest quantity of valuable knowledge in the whole course of his life.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

Farmer.—Your fears that the great increase of the non-agricultural classes will at last render it impossible for tillers of the soil to supply them with food, are groundless. The Genius of Invention has become a most potent farmer, and has diminished the handiwork of husbandry more than two-thirds within the last fifteen years. Formerly it was a fair day's labor for ten men to mow a ten acre lot. Now the farmer harnesses a horse to his mowing machine, and mounting his scythed chariot, cuts down his twelve acres per day unassisted, and comparatively without fatigue. Then comes the horse rake, an equally valuable implement, and performs the work of a dozen haymakers. The cost of both machines is only some $120 or so, and the amount is saved on a farm of tolerable size in a single season, in the economization of wages. Then there are the patent reapers, which lessen the labor and expense of harvesting in about the same ratio, and improved tilling and planting machines, of various kinds, that save the wear and tear of thew and muscle to a considerable, though not, perhaps, an equal extent. These "helps" of wood and iron, with others by which the products of the farm are prepared for market, enable the agriculturist who has the good sense to avail himself of them to work his land, gather his crops, shell his corn and thresh his grain, with about one-half the manual assistance he would have required twenty years ago, and there is a strong probability that eventually the labor of the farm will be still farther diminished by the application of steam to agricultural machinery. By such contrivances, together with a proper combination of labor, the time will come when ten thousand acres will be farmed as easily as a hundred used to be, and the agricultural products of the earth will increase as rapidly as the population.

Susan.—You need not be afraid of meeting with "that terrible creature, the *basilisk*" in your contemplated oriental travels. That reptile was fabulous. The word "basilisk" does not mean *deadly*, as you seem to suppose; it comes from the Greek word *basileus*, which means *a king*. This name was given to it because it was considered the king of reptiles. The old stories about it used to say that every species of serpent, lizard, and other crawlers, left their prey at the approach of the basilisk; also that it had certain protuberances on its head resembling a crown, as though nature, intending it to be the monarch of its kind, had set upon it the visible symbol of sovereignty. Its home was located in the deserts of Africa, and it was said that its breath was so poisonous that it withered vegetation wherever the reptile crawled; that the flesh fell from the bones of any animal that came in contact with it; that its very look was fatal; but that the horrid creature could be successfully encountered by holding up a mirror before it, and turning its deadly glance back upon itself. All of which is mere fable.

Fred.—This correspondent having accidentally learned the name of a young lady residing in a distant village, wrote to her, merely for sport, not expecting that she would reply. She did reply, however, and this was the beginning of a correspondence that has ended in causing the young gentleman to fall desperately in love with a girl he has never seen. Enchanted with the sentiments of her letters, he knows not whether she is beautiful or hideous, attractive or repulsive, old or young. He now proposes to visit the place where she resides, and get a good look at her before proceeding farther. We heartily commend this prudent resolution. If ever there was a case to which the maxim, "Look before you leap" were applicable, surely this is one. We warn our enamored correspondent to prepare his mind for astounding disclosures of ugliness. Ladies who reply to the letters of gentlemen unknown, and who give utterance in their letters to gushes of sentiment, may possess many amiable traits, but they are generally women who are not eagerly sought after by those who know them best. Girls of the right stamp, Mr. Fred., never do such things.

Robertus.—The son of Napoleon I. was buried in the vaults appropriated to the remains of the imperial family of Austria. The inscription over his tomb is in the Latin language. The following is a translation:

"To the eternal memory of
Joseph Charles Francis—Duke of Reichstadt,
son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Maria Louisa,
Arch-duchess
of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811. Already in his cradle
he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed
with every faculty both of body and mind; his stature
was tall, his countenance adorned with the charms of
youth, and his conversation full of affability; he
displayed an astonishing capacity for study,
and the exercises of the military art;
attacked by a pulmonory disease
he died at Schoenbrunn, near
Vienna, July 22, 1832."

The young prince died intestate, and his property, therefore, was inherited by his mother. It produced an annual revenue of two hundred thousand dollars.

H. H. W.—With regard to the standing still of the sun at the command of Joshua, there are two opinions. One opinion is that the sun did really stand still; the motions of the whole universe of stars being stopped, and all the physical laws with which we are acquainted being suspended. The other opinion is, that this could not have been without the instantaneous destruction of the organized universe, and the return of all things to chaos; and that, therefore, the passage must mean that the sun appeared to stand still, or that so much was accomplished by Joshua that *it was as though* the day itself were lengthened. Even the orthodox clergy are divided in opinion upon this passage. You will find the subject abundantly discussed in the commentaries.

A Constant Reader.—If a lady is walking alone after dark, and meets a gentleman of her acquaintance, she should not allow him to wait upon her home, unless the parties are *very* intimate friends, because in such a case the lady is at great disadvantage. It is best civilly to decline, and then, if the gentleman afterwards desires your company, let him seek you out in your own home, in a gentlemanly, open manner.

Curiosity.—A girl eighteen years of age might certainly be of use in helping the nurses in some military hospital. You could doubtless be put in the way of getting an opportunity to carry out your wishes in this respect by addressing the Union Defence Committee of this city. You might send the package of papers and magazines for the regiment, to the colonel, or to any member of it whom you know.

T. T.—When a person says to you, "I beg your pardon," it is not necessary for you to say anything in reply. You can smile and bow a general forgiveness of all offences. When a gentleman and lady make a call together, as a general thing it is the prerogative of the lady to propose leaving; but if the call be unreasonably prolonged, it would not be improper for the gentleman to signify his wish to leave.

Dayton, O.—This correspondent says: "I am in love with a young school-girl, whom I have no opportunity of visiting, on account of the strict rules of school. As she lives in a distant state, I know not if she will return when the term is closed. What shall I do?" Find out where she lives, and write to her parents for permission to pay your addresses to her, giving suitable reference.

D. C. P.—We do not believe it proper for gentlemen to make presents to ladies, unless they are engaged or on very intimate terms of long friendship; and as to your question as to whether it is proper for ladies to ask gentlemen to take them where ice-creams and such things are sold, it is quite as improper, unless the parties are very old and intimate friends.

O. P. N.—The attraction of gravitation does not differ from that attraction which causes two floating corks or icebergs to approach one another. Therefore, when a stone falls to the ground, the earth is proportionably drawn up to the stone. The earth and the stone fly to meet one another, but as the earth is much the larger, the stone has to do most of the travelling.

G. Y. P. says that a young lady to whom he has been "attentive" has returned his *letters, but kept all his presents*, and now the question is, shall he demand the latter? Of what value would they be to you? She must be a very strange *lady* who would conduct in this manner. Let her and the presents go.

Tuscarora.—Before telling you how to correspond with a young lady, whose friends have cut off all communication between you, we must know whether it would be *right* for you to persevere in your attentions. It may be that the young lady's parents acted wisely and properly.

Addie.—You did perfectly right to decline kissing the young man who called, on leaving. Let him "be angry" if he chooses. It only shows his ignorance of the manner in which a lady *should* be treated by her boyish acquaintance.

M. L. T.—We have often expressed our opinion on the impolicy of "engagements" between *very young* people. They seldom know their own minds at so early an age.

L. A. C.—There is no reason why you should return "the portrait of an old school-mate, a gentleman, who has recently married," unless he requests it.

C.—Take plenty of exercise, and eat wholesome food, and sleep in well ventilated rooms, if you wish to cure the bad complexion you complain of.

Miner, Knight's Ferry, California, writes us a letter which will doubtless be interesting to all our readers, and especially so to physicians. He says: "In a number of your paper you notice a new discovery in medical science—the *Thermo-Therapeia*. Although this may be a novelty amongst physicians, in California it has been practised from time immemorial by the Indians, thus verifying the old saying that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The *modus operandi* of the native does not materially differ from that which you describe. They build what are called *sweat houses*—huts not unlike a large oven in appearance. The *sweat house* is made perfectly air tight, with the exception of a tunnel-shaped entrance, eight or ten feet long, and three feet high. Choosing a warm summer day, with the thermometer standing probably at 90° or 100° in the shade, (a common occurrence here,) as many naked Indians as the house will hold crowd into it and light a fire in the centre. The heat soon becomes so intense that the perspiration streams from every pore. This they endure as long as possible, (the longer the better, they say;) then coming out, they plunge, head first, into the river. I should have said that these houses are always built on the bank of a river. Our rivers are even in summer very cold, the main supply of water coming directly from melting snow, but this probably adds to the efficiency of the cure. This practice is very common among the Indians, and is esteemed by them a universal panacea. My curiosity has often prompted me to try its effect, but prudence whispered caution, as I have always been taught to avoid cold when over heated; yet it is evidently beneficial to the Indians; however, custom may have habituated them to it. I would think it a risk even for a healthy person—to a delicate constitution certain death."

Recruit.—There are not less than fourteen varieties of battery enumerated in the military books. But the ordinary gun-battery may be described as a temporary fort, made of earth and sods. To resist cannon-balls, the bank of earth must be twenty feet thick, and faced with sods, which, if not too inconvenient, should be kept watered. The earth thrown up should be taken from the outside of the battery so as to form a ditch twelve feet broad at the bottom, eighteen feet broad at the top, and seven feet deep. The cannon must not be nearer together than eighteen feet, and their carriages must rest upon thick planking, or they will sink into the ground. The planking must incline upward towards the rear, so as to check the recoil of the gun and make it easier to wheel it forward after it is loaded. As a general rule, batteries have to be attacked by batteries, unless the attacking force has cannon of greatly superior calibre.

John Berkley.—You are in error as to the application of the remark, quoted by Mr. Everett as having been made concerning Charles II. Mr. Everett was perfectly accurate. The Earl of Rochester wrote the following epigram on the bed-chamber door of Charles the Second:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never says a foolish thing,
And never does a wise one."

The reply of the "merry monarch" was equally sharp and witty, viz.: "That's because my words are my own and my deeds are those of my ministers."

V. V.—The title of Prince of Wales was first bestowed upon the heir to the English throne in 1284, during the invasion and subjugation of Wales by Edward I. While engaged in this expedition a son was born to him at Carnarvon Castle, and as a stroke of policy to bind the Welsh to the throne of England, he presented the infant son (afterwards Edward II.) to the Welsh chieftains as the Prince of Wales and heir to the English crown. The title has been borne ever since by the male heir apparent.

Bedlor.—The better qualities of morocco leather are made of goatskin; the inferior kinds, of sheepskin. Wash-leather is made of the flesh side of a split sheepskin, hence its cheapness. Patent leather is made by spreading upon the surface of leather a varnish made of boiled linseed oil and fine vegetable lampblack, and drying it at a temperature of about 160°. Several coats have to be applied before the requisite polish is produced, and the varnish has to be skillfully rubbed in.

E. G. H.—You are right in maintaining that General Patterson is a much older man than General Banks, and that he has seen service before. His experience does not seem to have done him any good, however. It would be difficult for any one to make a greater botch of a great opportunity than he has done. General Banks is quite another kind of general, and is one of the ablest of the able men to whom the nation now looks for salvation in this its time of trial.

Chicago.—Patrick Henry, the orator of the Revolution, was a man of rather distinguished lineage, though extremely poor and obscure in his early years. His father, John Henry, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, was a nephew of the historian, Robertson, and a cousin of David Henry, editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. Patrick Henry was a cousin of Lord Brougham. He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1736.

Newark.—A little school-girl writes to us a very silly letter, beginning thus: "I am a young girl, fourteen years of age, and am deeply in love with a young gentleman." Stuff and nonsense! No girl of fourteen is deeply in love with anything, unless it be molasses candy and cup custard. Mind your book, child, and don't write any more silly letters.

Silvia.—Cant is an affected or half affected mode of speaking. The word is generally supposed to be derived from the Latin, *cantare*, to sing; but some writers assert that we owe the word to one Andrew Cant, a Scotch preacher of the last century, who used to preach in such a strange, sing-song manner, that no one could understand him except his own congregation.

Clermont.—It would not be "a good feature" for us to "give a brief review of the history of France in the Ledger." Such a work should be printed in a volume, where it could be read at leisure and referred to at any time. Napoleon III. has no Bourbon blood in his veins. We make no charge for answering the questions of our readers.

Curious.—A copy of Poor Richard's Almanac, if in good preservation, will bring from ten to twenty dollars. It is extremely scarce. There is but one complete set in existence. A good copy of the Bay Psalm Book (the first volume printed in the British Colonies in America) is worth a thousand dollars. This book takes precedence of all American rarities.

Subscriber.—We are surprised to learn that you, or any one, can be at a loss to find a good and safe investment for money. Our respected Uncle Samuel—never so much respected as now, because never before so respectable as now—will be glad to oblige you by accepting all the money you have to spare, and give you good interest for it.

Albany.—If you begin a note or a letter in the third person, you must continue it in the third person to the end. The invitation may read thus: "Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Miss Jones, and requests the pleasure of riding with her this afternoon. If it is agreeable to Miss Jones, Mr. Smith will call for her at four o'clock."

J. W. H.—The word brevet is defined by Webster thus: "A commission to an officer which entitles him to an honorary rank in the army above his actual rank and pay. Thus, a brevet-major serves as a captain and receives pay as such." The custom originated in France. Its use is to reward distinguished services without creating new offices.

St. Johns.—Yankee Doodle, as we have before stated, was a Dutch nursery tune as early as the year 1600. It was known in England in the reign of Charles I. and was whistled in the American colonies from the earliest period of their existance. The tune of Jim Crow is an ancient English nursery tune.

C. M.—The only safe way for a person to act who is in doubt as to the propriety or impropriety of any particular course, is, never to do anything that he suspects may be wrong, nor omit to do anything which he fears he ought not to leave undone. *Always give the right the benefit of every doubt.*

J. B. D.—The liberty pole and liberty cap originated in Switzerland. When the tyrant Gessler commanded the Swiss to salute his cap upon a pole, William Tell refused, and roused his countrymen to revolt. The pole and cap were then adopted, by a natural contradiction, as symbols of liberty. This occurred in 1307.

Lexington.—Unquestionably, if a man who is engaged to be married has the misfortune to lose the greater part of his property, he is bound to inform the lady of the fact, and give her an opportunity to withdraw from the engagement if she chooses.

Batavia.—Neither England nor the United States ever gives up a fugitive who has fled thither to escape the penalty of *political* crimes, such as rebellion, an attempt to revolutionize a government, &c., &c.

Sailor.—There is never any difficulty in a good sailor's getting into the navy before the mast. The door is always open, and the man is always welcome. Apply at any navy yard.

Mechanic asks, "Do like or un-like dispositions usually attract each other?" We think the latter is true in the main; although there must of course be some points of agreement.

Y. O. C.—You did quite right not to send back your lover's letters till he had returned yours.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*